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The Beautiful Life of Eva Todd Burch

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Your Friend and Teacher,
Mrs. J. D. Burch.

Los Angeles. First Methodist Episcopal Church.
"We Boys" class.
BX
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THE BEAUTIFUL LIFE

of

EVA TODD BURCH

(MRS. J. D. BURCH)

Teacher of "We Boys" Class, of
First M. E. Church Sunday School
Los Angeles, California

Containing
A Memorial Sketch, and
An Outline of Her Work, by Her Mother
Mrs. C. D. Todd
and others

also

Some of Her Writings and Addresses
With Tributes from Friends Etc.

Compiled by
"WE BOYS" MEMORIAL BOOK COMMITTEE
MAY 1912

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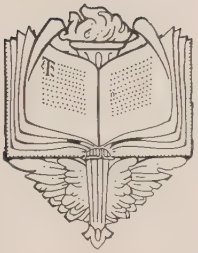

To the Sweet Memory of
"Our Dear Mrs. Burch"
Whose beautiful resplendent life
"Is as the shining light that shineth
more and more unto the perfect day,"
These one thousand books
Are affectionately
Dedicated

"We Boys"

LIBRARY

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Preface

In response to the wide demand of her many friends for a brief history of the life and work of Mrs. Burch, we are deeply conscious of our limitations in giving a justly deserving biography, when mere words are inadequate to express the character and merit of a life so replete in good works. It is especially difficult to portray it briefly. So much good did she accomplish that one has well said, "It was as a successful life of one hundred years lived in forty-five."

Her early Christian efforts as a child, leading in church and Sunday School meetings; as a young lady her deep interest and loyal endeavors in Y. M. C. A. and temperance work, then the difficulty of building up and teaching one of the largest Sunday School classes of young men in the world, always giving each one her personal interest, friendship and helpfulness; her leadership of the Spiritual Work department of our Epworth League, the greatest in Methodism; her responsible position as pastor's assistant, of a great church, with all its attendant duties, including her innumerable visits on the sick, needy and distressed; her vast correspondence of helpful letters; her countless addresses, and powerful appeals before classes and assemblies; her care of new converts, with frequent interviews with those seeking relief from trouble and heartache, and still a little time for social participation; all these facts emphasize her strenuous Christian life and faithful devotion to duty. A full record of her ministrations and earnest soulful solicitations for the Master, would fill libraries. Be it left to God himself to record in full measure the extent of her life work and its glorious influence.

Owing to the pressing demand for a prompt edition of this book, we regret that we can not in short time secure much

more interesting data from others who are dwelling in various parts of the wide world.

We heartily thank the dear ones of her family and other kind friends who have assisted in the preparation, and publication of this book, and we earnestly pray that its pages may lead many readers into a more loyal service for Christ.

Sincerely,

WE BOYS MEMORIAL BOOK COMMITTEE.

Irvin H. Fallis, *Chairman.*
George C. Lawrence,
Perrin B. Heaverin,
H. Wayne Yarick.

HER LITTLE RED BIBLE

A Memorial Sketch

By Her Mother

PRIL FOURTH, 1866, was the happy day when a dear little daughter—our first-born—was given to us. Our little Eva was received with thanksgiving and a great sense of responsibility.

We felt that she was a precious gift entrusted to us by the dear Father, to train for Him, and with His help we endeavored to be faithful to our trust.

Even as a very young child her influence began to be felt for good. When three years of age she always learned a little Bible verse to repeat at Sunday School. One Sunday her verse was, "Like as a Father pitieth His children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Afterwards a lady came to me and said that that verse, repeated so earnestly by that little child had gone with her to her home, and had been a great help to her.

When four years old she began to want her own little Bible to find her verses in, so when it came near Christmas, she would often call up the chimney and ask Santa Claus to please bring her a little red Bible. Of course she received the desire of her heart at Christmas time, and the little red Bible was always one of her cherished treasures.

During that year she had a very serious illness, from which we feared she would never recover. I prayed earnestly for her life to be spared if it could be consistent with the Father's will. Then I finally came to the point where I said that I would leave it all to Him. He could see the future as I could not, and if He saw that if she lived she would not grow up a Christian, then, hard as it would be, it would be better for her to go while she was little and innocent. It seemed like putting her from my own arms into His, to do what He saw was best. From that time she began to improve and rapidly recovered.

EVA TODD AT THREE YEARS OF AGE

EVA TODD AS A GIRL

16 YEARS

10 YEARS

4 YEARS

13 YEARS

With her recovery came to my heart a perfect assurance that she would grow to be a useful Christian woman.

When she was eight and a half years of age we came to Ventura, California, where the next five years of her life were spent. The following fall we attended a camp meeting and camped on the grounds. As I thought the two little daughters were too young to stay up to the evening meetings, they were put to bed in the tent which was near by. She attended the afternoon meetings, but one day she came to me and said: *"Mamma, won't you please let me stay up and go to the meeting to-night, and go forward? I want to be a Christian."* I talked with her till I saw that she understood what it meant, and she was in earnest about wanting to be a Christian.

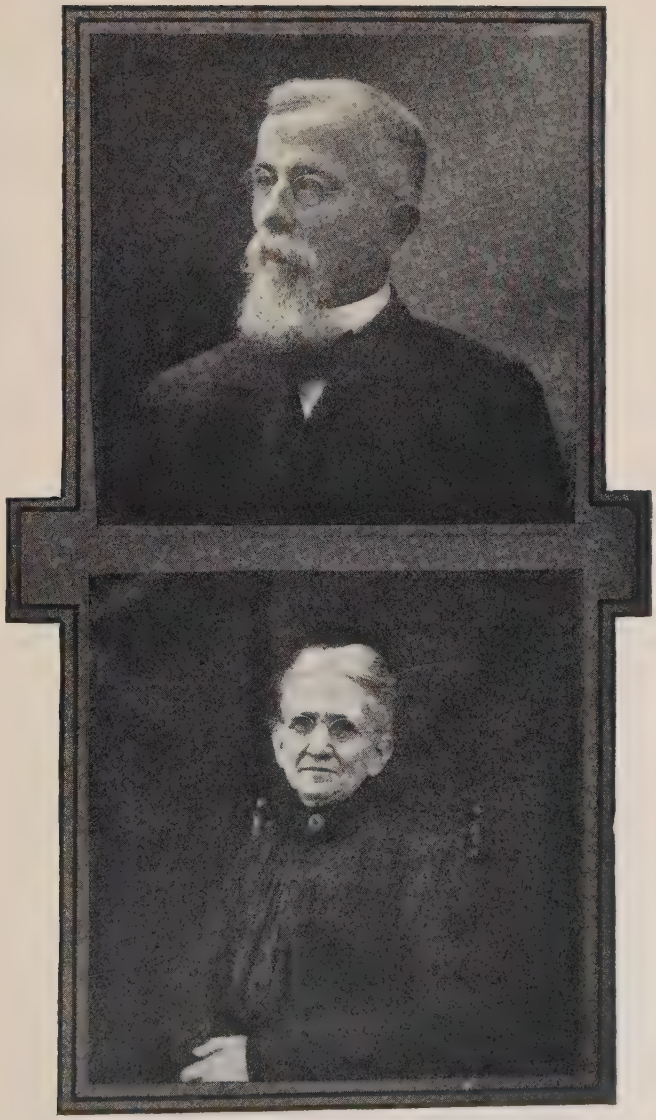
She went with us that night, and as soon as the invitation was given she immediately went and knelt at the altar. I followed and knelt by her side.

Our pastor, Rev. Will A. Knighten, talked with her a little, then I explained to her in a simple way how to ask forgiveness for everything she had done which was wrong, and give herself to Jesus, telling Him, just as she would tell me, that she wanted to be His little girl, and wanted Him to take her, and help her to live as He wanted her to.

She was quiet for a little, then said: *"I have told Jesus about it, and given myself to Him."* I replied, "Then He has taken what you have given Him, because He has promised to, and now you are His own little girl, and a little Christian."

She accepted it with simple, child-like faith, her face lighted up, and soon after, when the pastor asked for testimonies from those who had started to be Christians, she immediately arose and said she had given herself to Jesus, and she was so happy.

From that time she was always ready to give her testimony, and was never ashamed to have any one know that she was a Christian. The first evening after we returned home, I was writing a letter, and she called to me from her room and said, *"Mamma, I am so happy I can't go to sleep. If you*



MR. CHARLES D. TODD MRS. MARY D. TODD

FATHER AND MOTHER OF EVA TODD BURCH

are writing to Grandpa, tell him that I am a Christian now, and I want him to be one, too." I think that little testimony helped to bring "Grandpa" back to his Father's house, from which he had strayed long before.

Soon after we returned from camp-meeting, she said to me one day, *"Mamma, if I am going to be a Christian, I ought to join the church, oughn't I?"* I said, "Yes, Christians ought to belong to the church." She replied, *"Then I want to join."* I had said nothing to her about it, for I knew there were people who would think she was too young to understand what she was doing, and there were no children in the church at that time.

I spoke to the pastor about it, and he said, "Certainly, let her unite with the church. I have no more doubt of that child's conversion than I have of my own," so at the first opportunity she went, with the quiet self-possession which always characterized her, and gave her name to the church.

She was always ready to help in any way, and when thirteen years old, she played the organ and led the singing in our little Sunday School. We have received recently a letter from the wife of our Sunday School superintendent at that time. She said that she and her husband often talked of Eva and of her wonderful influence for one so young.

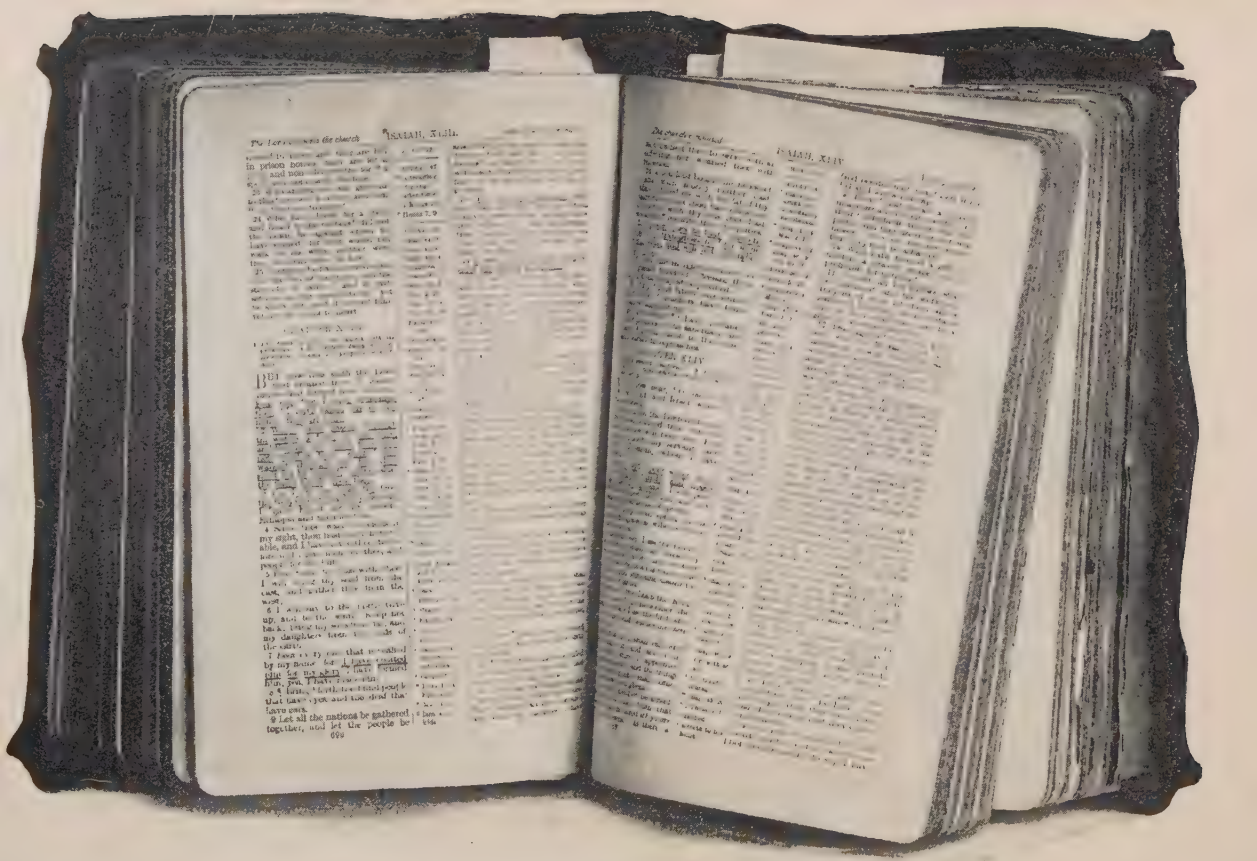
There was nothing abnormal about her, but she was just a sweet, natural, happy child. Her religion was a part of her happy life. There was never anything sad about it.

Last week, in unpacking some of Eva's things, I came across a poem I wrote and gave her on her seventeenth birthday. It might help show something of the kind of girl she was at that age. I wrote it on the fly leaf of a book I gave her for a birthday present and I remember it touched her so she cried when she read it. (It follows here by request.)

Seventeen years, my daughter dear,
Have quickly flown,
Since you, our first-born baby girl
Came to our home.

Seventeen years! Can it be true?
How time doth fly.
Our baby has a woman grown,
Grown gray have I.
How fondly, proudly did we watch
Our baby grow,
And gladly hear her lisp our name,
Her love to show.
And when she learned to walk and talk,
How proud were we.
How soon from baby-hood she's grown
Seventeen to be.
How kindly God has heard our prayers
And kept from sin
This little one He lent to us
To train for Him.
His spirit helped when we were weak,
Gave needed grace,
Inclined her heart while very young,
To seek his face,
And we will praise Him while we've breath,
For this great boon,
And pray He'll keep her day by day,
All, all His own.
With love from Father and Mother.

She attended the public schools of San Francisco. While in the seventh grade R. H. McDonald, a prominent temperance advocate and banker of that city offered cash prizes for the best essay on "The Twin Evils—Tobacco a Intemperance." The seventh and eight grades in each school competed for the prize. She won in her school, and received eight dollars, to which her father added a sufficient amount for her to buy her Teacher's Bible, the one which she carried and used till it seemed a part of herself. It was her companion till the close of her life, and her most cherished treasure. No other Bible could take its place with her, for her markings and



MRS. BURCH'S BIBLE

notes made it really a part of herself. She had put herself into it, until every fibre of her being felt its influence. She grew in Christian character by feeding on the word.

In 1880, after spending a summer at our old home in Adrian, Michigan, we moved from Ventura to San Francisco, and united with Grace M. E. Church, and in that church, June 4, 1885, she was united in marriage with Mr. J. D. Burch, by our pastor, Rev. H. B. Heacock.

In a recent letter he writes, "The life that so enriched the world, and particularly her home circle, has only been transferred to a wider and more advanced grade of service.

"Few persons have so stamped their individuality upon me, or given me such an ideal of womanly qualities and religious activities as Eva, from my first acquaintance with her in the Sunday School and church work in the old Grace church, San Francisco.

"The enthusiasm which permeated all her life activities, so well regulated by common sense and devotion to her Master, challenged my admiration. I well remember how I almost rebelled in thought that she was to leave us for our sister church in the sunny southland, but knowing that she was to have so wise and devoted a companion, I became resigned, and in my frequent visits to your city and home and her favorite church work, I rejoiced at what she was doing.

"Now as I have just been reading in the Harvester, the beautiful summing up of her work, I thank God that He gave me the privilege to, in a little way, help her in the formative period to prepare for her extensive and well-cultivated field of service for humanity.

"Nothing pays so richly as labor in the Master's vineyard. Promoted to a larger sphere, that is all, and it is enough."

While in Grace church she was attending school, and her time was very fully occupied, as she graduated from the Girl's High School only eight days before her marriage, but the following extracts from the Church Records at that time will

MR. AND MRS. JOHN D. BURCH
(At time of marriage.)

show that she was never too busy to do her part in the Master's vineyard.

The secretary of the Official Board was also her Sunday School Superintendent.

In speaking of the wedding he says, "Long before the hour named the church was filled with the many friends made by Miss Todd during her residence with us, as she has been closely connected with our church work in all its various departments for several years past, having been a most faithful teacher in the Sabbath School, a leader in our young people's meeting, presiding at the piano, and having charge of the singing, a member of our Lyceum, and treasurer of the same, adding greatly to its interest by always performing the part assigned to her, in the best manner, a faithful attendant of the Tuesday evening class, where her influence for good among its members was particularly felt, and also having charge of the music at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, and being a member of the choir.

"Such a record is seldom made by one so young and cannot but have a lasting influence for good for all time to come.

"Precisely at the time appointed, the well known tones of the 'wedding march' gave notice of the approach of the bridal party, who entered the church preceded by the little girls of her Sabbath School class scattering flowers in the pathway of the bride to the altar, and the bridesmaids.

"The solemn ceremony was spoken in clear and distinct tones by our pastor, and listened to in breathless silence by all in the house, and a Christian girl, married to a Christian man, by a minister of Christ, walked out of a Christian church into the new life that was opening so auspiciously before her."

After their marriage and a trip to Yosemite, they came to Los Angeles to make their home, where, with the exception of three years spent in San Diego, they remained the balance of her life.

Soon after coming, she asked Dr. Bresee—who was pastor at that time—if there was anything she could do about the

OLD FIRST CHURCH
The pioneer church and stronghold of Methodism in Southern California

church which would be a help to him, as they were boarding, and time hung heavy on her hands. Of course he found work for her to do, and so she began her church work in Los Angeles.

Dr. Cantine of blessed memory followed Dr. Bresee, and gladly availed himself of her assistance. Mrs. Cantine has recently written, "If only *his* lips were not silent, he could write of her early work, as no one else could," and added, "We both loved her as a daughter."

It might be interesting here to give a bit of First Church history (as written by Dr. Cantine), since the beginning of its more prosperous growth; at which time she became assistant in pastoral work, and very active in the Sunday school and Epworth League; for to her consecrated efforts is said to be due a large measure of credit for the church's spiritual success and development. Dr. Cantine wrote:

"During the pastorate of Dr. Bresee came "boom times." with its crowds of Eastern people. Methodism received her share, as was shown by the crowded condition of the church building and the rapidly increasing membership roll, which in three years grew from 437 to 650. The Thursday night prayer meetings—sometimes numbering in attendance from four to five hundred people—will always be remembered for their great spiritual power. Revival fires burned more brightly than ever and many were converted at her altars. All debts were overpaid, and all departments of the work prospered.

In the fall of 1886, Rev. R. S. Cantine, D.D., came as pastor and served the church very successfully for five years. In the early days of 1887 it was decided to enlarge the old building by moving pulpit and organ from the west to the north side of the church, adding a Sunday school room, 45x70 feet in the rear, and continuing the gallery all the way around the room. Old Armory Hall on Main street became the temporary abiding place, and here the revival work still went on. On June 5, 1887, the "new" building was opened. The expenses for the repairs had been about $15,000, all of which was easily paid by the grateful people. Seating accommodations

were now provided for 1,500 persons and it was not long before there were but few seats to spare. The spiritual condition of the church may be guessed from the first conference report that the prayer meetings averaged in attendance 475. At the close of the fifth year, after careful pruning, the books showed a membership of 800 full members and 28 probationers. Simpson Church, Wesley Chapel, Union Avenue, Bellevue Avenue (now Epworth), and a Swedish Church were organized during these years, each receiving its charter membership and much financial help from the mother church.

Rev. J. W. Campbell came to us at the Conference of 1891, and spent a little over four prosperous years. It was during this time that the church lots on the corner of Sixth and Hill streets were bought, the purchase price being $37,500. Two hundred and eighty-eight persons were received upon probation during this pastorate, and large numbers by letter, so that at the Conference of 1895 there were upon our books 1,050 full members and 103 probationers. The church was in a continual revival, and seekers for God crowded her altars.

Soon after the Conference of 1895 Dr. Campbell was transferred to New York City and Rev. John A. B. Wilson sent to take his place as pastor of First Church. He planned large things for Methodism, but times of financial depression made it impossible to carry out the plans. Revival fires still burned, however, and at the close of two years, in spite of many removals, there were reported 1,075 members, and 121 probationers.

In the fall of 1897 Rev. R. S. Cantine was returned to the charge, from which he had been absent six years. People welcomed him with wide-open arms, and soon they became confident that a new church was a possibility. The time-worn building, so long the Mecca of Southern California Methodism —was sold and torn down, the congregation in the meantime holding services for several months in Illinois Hall, at the corner of Sixth and Broadway.

The corner-stone of the new structure was laid by Rev.

Charles Edward Locke, August 19, 1899, and soon brick and stone grew into a beautiful temple well adapted to all departments of church activity. The actual cost of the building was about $73,000. Dedicated Easter Day, April, 1900."

In addition to this history, Mrs. Burch wrote in 1904:

"At the Conference of 1900, Rev. George A. Hough was associated with Dr. Cantine in the pastorate, and together they pushed the work of the Lord for two blessed years. The seasons, however, were telling their story upon the constitution of the senior pastor, and at the Conference session of 1902 he felt compelled to lay down the work he loved so well and entrust to other hands the church over whose interests he had so carefully watched for two terms of five years each. He had wanted to "die in the harness," and his desire was virtually granted, for on December 11, 1902, he was called to his eternal reward.

When the venerable father of the new First Church lay down the work, the younger hands of Rev. Robert McIntyre took it up, and so nobly is he carrying it forward that the banner of Methodism is being kept continually in the forefront of the battle against sin and wrong. On April 17, 1904, was held a jubilee service to celebrate the wiping out of the last debt on our beautiful church home, and there was truly a "shout in the camp" when we realized that we were really free from every cent of debt.

Congregations continually overflow; spiritual fires burn brightly; ours is a revival the year round; finances were never better; our membership now numbers about 1,500; all departments of the church proper, Sunday School and Epworth League never recorded a larger membership. There are shouts of victory all along the line. Our Zion prospereth. To our God—and not to men—be the glory, both now and evermore."

It was during Dr. Cantine's pastorate that they removed to San Diego in March, 1890. In June, 1893, they returned again to Los Angeles, while Dr. J. W. Campbell was pastor. Previous

FORMER PASTORS OF FIRST M. E. CHURCH
With whom Mrs. Burch labored.

DR. JOHN W. CAMPBELL DR. J. A. B. WILSON DR. P. F. BRESEE

BISHOP ROBERT MCINTYRE DR. R. S. CANTINE REV. GEO. A. HOUGH

to their going to San Diego she had worked in the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. as their president.

In San Diego she was president of the Epworth League and Junior League, and taught successfully a class of boys in the Sabbath School. Wherever she went she was always a faithful standby in the loved church of her choice.

Of her work in Los Angeles others can write better than I. After returning from San Diego she assisted Dr. J. A. B. Wilson in calling, and keeping the records. When Dr. Cantine was returned, he requested the Official Board to officially appoint her as "Pastor's Assistant," as the growth of the church made it necessary that he have a helper. This was done, and in December, 1901, she began the work which she loved so much, and continued through his pastorate, and later his associate pastorate with Rev. George A. Hough, then that of Dr. Robert McIntyre and Dr. Charles Edward Locke, until the work dropped from her weary hands—July 7, 1911, when she went to her Heavenly home.

In her visitation work she called on hundreds and sometimes secured assistance in this line, so great was the need. The following is sample of list given to some one to look up, showing how systematic and careful of detail she was. There are pages and pages like this that she had given to Mr. Walker to look up, and he sent them for us to see:

Name, address. New member.

Name, address. Old man, needs sympathy.

Name, address. Wife and daughter also belong. Not much interested, self and wife not well.

Name, address. Stranger, not long a member, night watchman, I think.

Name, address. Not regular as once.

Name, address. Not often out, sometimes away on ranch.

Name, address. Probationer.

Name, address. Colored. Ask if he took a letter from us. Always attends colored church now, but a member here according to our records.

Name, address. Not often out. Ask where self and wife living.

Name, address. Probationer. Seldom comes.

Name, address. Probationer, sickly.

Name, address. Not able to work. Self and wife members.

Name, address. Druggist. Seldom has a chance to come out.

Name, address. Invalid, young, self, father and mother members.

Name, address. Probationer.

Name, address . Wife a member, wants him interested. Needs encouragement.

Name, address. Very old. Wife lately died.

Besides her work as pastor's assistant, she was president of the Epworth League for two years, and first vice-president twelve years. She taught the "We Boys" Sunday school class eighteen years, and the Monday Night Bible Study Class about seventeen years, besides addressing many Sunday school and Epworth League conventions and numerous other gatherings of various kinds. She was always so practical and genuine that the people seemed to enjoy hearing her, and kept her time well occupied.

Her loved class of "We Boys" she had seen grow from a class of six young boys to one of over three hundred noble young men. They call themselves "We Boys," but she more often spoke of them lovingly as *"My Boys."*

No one can ever know the love and sympathy which she poured out so freely for her "Boys," nor the joys and sorrows which were inseparably connected with that work. There was heart rejoicing when any of them gave themselves to the Lord, and His work, and burdens so heavy if one went astray. She literally rejoiced with those who did rejoice and wept with those who wept.

MR. AND MRS. BURCH, OUT VISITING

EXTRACTS FROM HER DIARY.

Her diary, which she kept for quite a number of years, reveals her companionship with Him who wept over Jerusalem, saying sorrowfully, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Speaking of one with whom she had rejoiced on the "Happy day when Jesus washed his sins away," but who had then let go his hold on God, she writes, "It takes my breath away to know he has forsaken the Lord. *O my God! Can it be? Wake him up to his awful condition and his responsibility for other souls. It surely weighs down my heart.*"

The next day, in speaking of the same person she says, *"He asked me after church, not to stop praying for him, but I couldn't stop if I tried."* Again she writes of lying awake nights, too troubled over some of her *"Boys"* to be able to sleep, and so weary that she says, *"I sometimes feel as though I would not be sorry if the 'come up higher' could be soon heard."* Poor burdened heart! If those wandering ones could know the anguish which their backslidings caused, not only to those who loved them, but to their Savior as well, would they not hold fast?

But the heart story was not always sad like this. Sometimes it was rejoicing with joy unspeakable, as when she writes, *"Today God has been filling my soul with Himself, and His praises have been welling up all day. I do not belong to Him any more than at less happy times, for I am* ALL HIS, ALL THE TIME, *but He is sweet to my soul today."*

Again she writes, *"He's the Fountain of Living Waters to my soul. I realize so sensibly the in-dwelling Christ—a Heaven below."*

And again, *"This has been such a good day! Talked with a young man after Sunday School, and three were forward at night. Stayed and prayed and talked till after church was out —a satisfactory day, for I tried to help somebody, and think I succeeded."*

Her first diary was kept in her fourteenth year. She speaks of having a bad cold, and it rained so she was not able to go to prayer meeting. She was so disappointed that she shed tears over it, showing her love for the service of God's house.

In one place she writes, *"I wonder how many years I shall have to live?"* then adds, *"but I wouldn't know if I could. I would rather walk with God in the dark than walk alone in the light."*

She closes that year's diary with these words: *"Happy New Year! The old year is gone, and a new leaf is again turned. I have resolved to live for my Master more wholly than I have ever done before, and I hope that by the end of this year I will have improved more spiritually than I did last year."*—1880.

While a young girl in school she started a little prayer meeting of her class mates, meeting at noon.

Her next regular diary was not kept till 1895, though she had written of special days before that. From 1895 to 1900 there was no break. Her busy life was chronicled day by day, but I confess I often wonder how she ever found the time to write them.

"The joy of the Lord does not depend on circumstances, as I am proving."

"Our Christian lives are not made up of WHOLES, *but day by day.* DAILY."

In her diary she begins each day with a scripture reference, which is her text for the day. Sometimes she says, *"My verse was a help to me today."*

"Great deeds are those that cost most." July 29, 1896. *"Good prayer meeting tonight, and a little view of the Delectable mountains to my own soul."*

She closes the year 1896 in this way: *"The year past has been a good one to my soul, though not filled with my own choice of things. My work for the Lord in League and Sab-*

bath School has given me great pleasure, and has been a means of grace. Praise His dear name for it all."

Nov. 24, 1899, she writes, *"Went to revival meeting at Boyle Heights church. Led the meeting and spoke on 'Sacrifices for Christ.' Tried to show that there are no sacrifices when we consider what we get back. The pugilist, the soldier, the goldseeker, the mother never talk of sacrifice."*

"A good Sunday. Dr. Cantine led the altar service. To me it was one of the most blessed seasons I have enjoyed for some time, and as Doctor Cantine prayed, I got 'a little more.'"

"There were no conversions tonight. I wonder why. Am I possibly to blame, I wonder? I try to do my duty, I know."

She always felt that she could never do any very great thing, but she did try to be watchful to find little things to do. This is one of her *little* ways of ministering to her great family. She always kept at hand a number of tracts and little booklets which she would give away, or loan where she thought they would be helpful. If some question was troubling a person, she would have something of this kind which would answer the puzzling problems, and she always knew just where to put her finger on what she wanted.

I wonder if there are any *little* things in God's sight. Such great results so often follow such seemingly trivial acts.

She was speaking of two very sudden deaths, and said, *"How uncertain is life, and yet I would like to go suddenly just like that."*

At the close of the year 1897, she wrote, *"This past year has meant more of tears than any year I ever lived—tears for the sorrows that have come to those I love—but I have been altogether His, and know that some day we'll understand."*

During the Philippine war, a young man who had enlisted in San Diego, called on her, on his way north. His good-bye to her was, "Remember that if I never come back, I was an agnostic to the last."

She says: *"After he left, I knelt down and thanked God that I was a Christian."*

FIRST M. E. CHURCH OF TODAY

MRS. BURCH AT WORK IN THE PASTOR'S STUDY

Nov. 25, 1899. *"We have a Temperance Lesson for Sunday, and I want to make a deep impression on those dear boys of mine. Every one who is not a total abstainer, I realize is in danger of filling a drunkard's grave, and some of them are MY BOYS."*

March 4, 1899. *"This Sunday School lesson is on Christ freeing from sin. I am just full of the thought of the slavery of sin, and the glorious liberty of the children of God, and I am praying to be a help to some one tomorrow."*

June 17, 1899. *"Finished studying my Sunday School lesson, and am just full of it—'The New Life in Christ.' Col. 3:1-15. If I can only make out of it what is burned into my soul on the subject, I hope somebody may be induced to get within himself the new life in Christ Jesus."*

Often when walking home from prayer meeting, with some of the young people, they talked on such subjects as "Behavior in Church," and "The Danger of Ridiculing any part of the Bible." Seed sowing by the way.

When it was decided to build a new church she says: *Dear old church! how we will hate to leave it.*

Aug. 20, 1899. *This was the last day in the old church. Big Sunday School, but no classes—reminiscences by past superintendents. Dr. Cantine preached a historical sermon this morning. At 3 p. m. went to the last communion service in the old church. Several received in full connection—one of my boys. At League I conducted an altar service, 101 testimonies. Blessed time! A young lady converted afterwards. Platform meeting at night. Speakers, Dr. Campbell, Mr. Gillette, Mrs. Burch and Hugh Smith.*

March 26, 1900. *Our first Sunday in the new church. Sixty present in our new room for "We Boys." The Presidents of the class spoke on our possible future in the work for young men. Hundreds turned away from church. First League meeting in new room. Eighty-one testimonies.*

In 1900 she writes: *"I believe we ought to be so loyal to our*

church that our pastors, as well as the Lord will know right where to put their fingers on us."

Then she speaks of a young man who says, "Theaters have worn the edge off of my religious experience."

And another who says that his love of the dance has ruined his Christian life.

She thought that "By their fruits ye shall know them" was exemplified in these cases. While she loved what she called "clean fun," and believed heartily in good social times for the young people, yet anything which had the effect mentioned in these two cases, she thought came under the head of "Questionable Amusements" and was best to be let alone.

And even if persons feel that they can do these things without harm to themselves, yet her own rule was the same as Paul's, who says: *"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."*

"Tonight I studied my Sunday School Lessons, then one of my Boys called to ask some motherly advice, since his own mother is far away. I like to have the Boys feel that I have an interest in their lives, for I do enter into them so heartily."

Dec. 18, 1898, she writes, *"This has been a good day. Had thirty-two at Sunday School, and an earnest prayer service afterwards for the unconverted Boys in our class."*

June 1, 1898. *"Had such a good prayer meeting tonight. Thirteen of My Boys were present. Testimonies were splendid."*

It was not only on the Sabbath that she carried her 'Boys' on her heart, but all the time. When she saw them at prayer meeting she rejoiced. Their faithfulness in any place was cause for thankfulness and unfaithfulness made her correspondingly sad.

She writes, *"Had a letter from one of my absent Boys. It pains me so to realize that he is slipping away from his old triumphant Christian life."*

She studied her lessons with her boys in mind, and tried

to make the lessons practical, so as to touch their every day lives. She often wrote something like this, *"Hope I can teach My Boys to not tamper with sin, for sooner or later it will come off master." "Have been asking God to keep My Boys from wrong." "Had a blessing in studying my Sunday School Lesson. It is not ours to claim success, but God does require us to be faithful, and that I am trying to be."*

March 4, 1900. *"Had thirty-four in my Sunday School class today. One of My Boys reclaimed."*

Aug. 2, 1900. *Fifty-two today. Lord help me to teach so as to do some good, and help somebody."*

There are many entries similiar to this, *"Helped a young man and was greatly blessed myself."*

"One of My Boys called and we had a little prayer-meeting together."

"Am praying for an enduement of power to fit me for the coming year's service."

"Want to get a good deal out of the Sunday School Lesson for My Boys."

"The Sunday School Lesson (John 11:1-14) has opened up to me beautifully, and I really believe I'll feel more at home in Heaven because of this study. Now if I can help to make My Boys all feel like going there, and getting ready beforehand, I will be glad."

The last lesson she was able to give them was on March 5, 1911. Her noble band of "We Boys" is a living memorial of her faithful, loving service.

Mr. Oscar Schurmer, who was associated with her much of the time in the Epworth League and was also a member of the "We Boys" class, has given us his impressions of her work in the League so we will look at it through his eyes.

He says, "After serving two terms as President of the Epworth League of First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, Mrs. Burch's qualifications for First Vice-president were readily felt, and she was elected to that office, in which she served for twelve years, till failing health compelled her to resign.

In that capacity she showed her worth as a spiritual leader.

"Her bright, cheerful countenance at all times, showed her wonderful hold on God. Her messages were always brim full of Spiritual life. At all times during her reign she kept the League strictly evangelistic. All beings were *souls* in her sight, and their station in life never interfered with her great, God given love; in fact the greater the need, the more she would do. She followed the Savior into the highways and byways by attending the street meetings for years, until the numerous other duties were taking the time, and she was obliged to forego that privilege.

"It was a benediction, on Rally Day, when testimonies and letters were read from absent members and shut-ins to hear, not only their thanks to God for His keeping power, but the praise of Mrs. Burch for her loving remembrances,—and they came from all over the world.

"Amid all the praise for her work she was always perfectly humble: This wonderful virtue alone, won her many admirers. It seems she never forgot anybody that she ever knew, but after some one had been gone for years, and returned, she would immediately greet him by name.

"Another beautiful virtue was the sameness of her temperament; always the same sweet smile and deep interest in those she had an opportunity to know, sympathetic—none could be more so, weeping with those in sorrow and sharing the joys of the happy.

"At the altar she was at her best. It was a benediction to be near and hear the soft sweet way in which she would woo and persuade erring and wandering ones to the Master and when victory came, she sang praises with them, then cared for them and trained them in her probationer's class.

"Our spiritual leader has gone a little farther ahead, but her wonderful life is stamped indelibly on our lives. We mourn the loss of her personal help and charming personality, but if ever a mortal did her duty, she did, and when she passed through the gates, I seem to hear Our Father say, 'Come,

thou Blessed, you have been faithful in all things, both small and great. I have a special crown for you. Now enter into the joys of your Lord whom you portrayed so beautifully in your life and actions when on earth.'

"As I look back over these few words I feel ashamed to present them as a description of her work in the League, for the more one writes, the more her work seems to enlarge, as the many, many other things she did come to mind, but if I wrote a thousand leaves, they couldn't fully express the beauty of the leaves of Mrs. Burch's life history. Everybody who knew her mourns her loss. To me her life stands out stronger than ever, and the greatest desire of my life is to follow her as she followed Christ."

Her Sundays were always such busy days teaching the "We Boys" Class in Sunday School, a little prayer meeting afterwards or before, then preaching service. In the afternoon leading Junior League, leading a band of her "Boys" at a street meeting, then back to League and evening preaching service and after meeting. This is a sample of her usual Sunday work.

One night she speaks of an old man being interested at the street meeting, then he came to League and was converted. He thanked God for street workers. The next night he was at the Monday Night class and said he had something in his heart he had never had before.

Nov. 25, 1900 she speaks of such a grand Epworth League service, with one hundred and nineteen testimonies and five conversions.

Oct. 14, 1900 she writes,*"There were five or six who asked prayers at Epworth League. One went home very happy at eleven p. m. Tried to help others. Late hours are a luxury when we can help somebody."*

Oct. 27, 1895. *"One of the best days! Blessings all day long. We had a wonderful League meeting tonight,—five young men at the altar. This salvation is very satisfying."*

Dec. 31, 1895. *"The old year is gone, and believe it was*

the best year of my life, because I've lived nearer to God." "How much it means to 'Look up.'"

True it is that—

"He who joys on others' path has thrown,
Will find there's some left over for his own;
And he who leads his brother toward the sky,
Will in the journey bring himself more nigh."

The Monday Night Bible Study Class was very near her heart also. They were studying the Life of Christ, and she had written out the lessons she had already given, expecting to complete them, but her own life was too short, and others will have to take up what she has laid down.

Miss Elsie Barton, who was a member and faithful attendant of the class from 1899 to 1904 sends this tribute of love for the class and its leader.

She says, "While one of the smaller meetings, there is probably no service of the church about which sweeter memories cluster, than the Monday Night Class, for so many years identified with Mrs. Burch.

"Begun as a Probationers' Class, the little meeting, under her winsome leadership, found many friends who could not plead "Probation" as an excuse for constant attendance, yet who were unwilling to forego the help and inspiration of these meetings, though their names had been long upon the records of the church, so the object and name of the Class were extended to Bible Study and Probationers' Class, that all might feel free to come. But the name by which the class has always been best known, and which stands in so many hearts today as a synonym for spiritual uplift and mountain-top vision, for dismay changed to courage, and defeat turned to victory is the name

MONDAY NIGHT CLASS.

"From a small beginning, and through many discouragements at first, in the matter of attendance, Mrs. Burch brought this Class up in numbers and interest till it all but out-grew its

meeting place in the Junior League room, and more and more as time went on, became known as one of the church's greatest centers of helpfulness. There was an atmosphere akin to the family circle—a bond uniting those who gathered regularly here—so that in no service of the church was it so easy to give the real heart testimony—to tell the story of the struggle, to recount the meetings with the tempter, to seek advice in the daily perplexities and trials, and no where were discouragements more certainly put to rout, crooked places made straight, and defeats turned into lessons and helps for the future, than in the circle of the Monday Night Class.

"Every testimony was a heart story to Mrs. Burch, and in a prayer with which she always closed the meeting, she would gather up the struggles and perplexities, the victories and defeats of her little flock, and plead them—often by individual mention—till it seemed indeed that Heaven came down our souls to greet,' and rising from our knees, each discovered tears in the others' eyes.

"She has gone on before us—our leader—but her wonderful life still lives on, her beautiful voice still calls us upward, and many lives are, and will be, monuments to her patient teaching, and praying, and helping, in the Monday Night Class."

Sometimes the small attendance was discouraging, but then she would say, *"I feel that I MUST keep it up for the sake of the weak ones who will come there for help."*

Again she writes, *"I do believe the Dear Lord blesses that class to the good of many of the weak ones," and "Thirty-three at Monday Night Class, and one man converted."*

She taught her last lesson March 6, 1911. Much more might be said. Her correspondence with the "We Boys" scattered all over the world, would fill volumes. So many of them have spoken of her influence in moulding their lives. One wrote on the back of his photograph which he sent her, "For Mrs. Burch, from whom I have received the best lessons of my life."

Her illness was of about four years duration, but the most of the time until the last four or five months, she would manage to get down to the church and attend to her duties there. Her habits of faithful perseverance, even under difficulties, would not let her neglect any of her accustomed duties, even though suffering severely, and after she was unable to go to the church, she had the clerical part of the work brought to the home and worked on it here.

The day she was taken so seriously ill,—the evening of March 20, 1911—she had been working all day on a new Church Record Book, revising and copying from the old volume into the new, and expected to finish it at home, but was never able to take up again the work she had laid down that night, and other hands must complete it. That illness caused intense suffering and weakness, and for some time she was unable to see any of her friends, but as she improved, she was so glad to be able to welcome to her bed-side a few friends, for the first time, on her birthday, April Fourth.

She wrote out a list of her birthday presents, and spoke of having such a happy day, even though in bed. From that time she was able to see one or two a day, and gradually improved till she could visit a little with all who came, and was always so glad to see them.

She appreciated so thoroughly the kindness of her many friends in keeping her room so filled with beautiful flowers. They were a constant source of pleasure to her. She would often say, "How good God is to give me such kind friends," and, "How good everybody is to me."

Those who loved her surely did bring God's beautiful posies while she was here to enjoy them, and we all appreciated it, and enjoyed them with her.

And that last beautiful Sabbath day—when a large number of "We Boys" surprised her by coming to the house, on Sunday afternoon, July 2, 1911—the eighteenth anniversary of her taking the class. How happy she was! It will always be a precious memory to us, as it was to her. She was then

looking forward to a time in the near future when she would be able to teach her class again, but in five short days "she was not, for God took her" to her Heavenly Home, to rest from her labors. She still lives in the lives of those whom she has been able to help build up strong Christian characters.

She was very conscientious about her influence over others, and the following pledge was found with her papers:

Wishing to throw ALL my influence entirely on the Lord's side, I PROMISE that I WILL NOT DANCE any where or under any circumstances; and will also try to KEEP FROM DOING ANYTHING that will hinder MYSELF OR OTHERS from living the PUREST and MOST USEFUL Christian lives. March 27, 1891.

Romans 14:21.

It was not that she ever did dance, but it was the principle of doing nothing which would put a stumbling block in any one's way.

While in San Diego she became strongly impressed with her need of a deeper Christian experience, and a more complete consecration. Since she left us, the following consecration was found in the pocket of her Bible:

"I now dedicate to God all my powers, for His use, and His alone—my reputation, my time, my voice, my pen, my all. Belonging then to Him, I look to Him for His cleansing power, and the filling of the spirit, in His own good time. O God! help me to be steadfast in my consecration and trust, and to follow where Thou dost lead."

June 28, 1893. EVA E. BURCH.

On another slip of paper she writes:

"I awakened in the night, and it seemed as though I could see my Savior standing at my heart's door asking admission to the whole.

"His pierced hands and pleading face said, 'Won't you let me in? I want thee to be my bride, to be one with me, to let ME take all the trials or reproaches, to obey me IN EVERYTHING."

"With a heart knowing my own weakness, and lack of faith, I said, 'Yes, I will follow Thee, and be one with Thee (not two) God being my helper.' God help me to follow implicitly anywhere, anywhere.'"

July 12, 1893. EVA E. BURCH.

Together with this was found the following poem which she no doubt considered the answer to her consecration:

"Once it was the blessing,
Now it is the Lord.
Once it was the feeling,
Now it is His word.
Once His gifts I wanted,
Now Himself alone.
Once I sought His healing,
Now the Healer own.

"Once 'twas painful trying,
Now 'tis perfect trust.
Once a half salvation,
Now the uttermost.
Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
Now He holds me fast.
Once 'twas constant drifting,
Now my anchor's cast.

"Once 'twas busy planning,
Now 'tis trustful prayer.
Once 'twas anxious caring,
Now He has the care.
Once 'twas what I wanted,
Now what Jesus says.
Once 'twas constant asking,
Now 'tis ceaseless praise.

"Once it was my working,
His it hence shall be.
Once I tried to use Him,
Now he uses me.
Once the power I wanted,
Now the Mighty One.
Once I worked for glory,
Now His will be done.

"Once I hoped in Jesus,
Now I know He's mine.
Once my lamps were dying,
Now they brightly shine.
Once for death I waited,
Now His coming hail.
And my hopes are anchored,
Safe within the veil."

She has gone from our sight, but she still lives. She cannot come to us, but we may go to her, and by God's grace we shall meet her again where there will be no more parting.

Her Mother,

Mrs. C. D. Todd.

THE TODD AND BURCH FAMILIES AT HOME

Our Daughter

UR DEAR one who has gone on before, has left such a vacant place in our home. She was always such a good daughter, cheerful and obedient and always willing and anxious to help somebody. When a very small child she took great delight in going to church and Sunday School, and was always happy when she was by my side, with her hand in mine on her way to the little primary class, she loved so much.

She first started to attend Sunday School in Ionia, Mich., where I was in business for a few years. Later on when her mother was able to attend prayer meetings, our little girls always went with us.

People spoke of us as "The Todd Family," because the whole family went together. We thought what was good for us, was also good for them, and they were always anxious to go.

When the younger sister was nine and a half years old, Brother and Sister C. W. Tarr of our own First Church, were assisting our pastor in revival meetings, and she attended and gave herself to God then. The reason she gave for wanting to be a Christian was *"I am just as old as Eva was when she was a Christian, and I want to be one."*

Eva's influence was felt both at home and abroad. She always loved everything connected with the church and was always glad to do what she could to help. She loved her Bible too. She had read it through when she was thirteen. Then soon after said she was going to start to read it through again, and find out all she could about it as she went along.

In our family worship she usually read the scripture lesson, and some one of the family would lead in prayer. She continued that, until she lost her voice last March.

Since living in Los Angeles she was always deeply interested in her Sunday School class, the Epworth League, the Monday night Bible class and every other good cause.

We wondered sometimes how she accomplished so much, but it was because she was systematic, methodical, punctual and always faithful in everything she undertook. Faithfulness was the key-note of her character.

She will long be missed in church circles, as well as in the home.

In the "We Boys" class Dr. E. S. Todd—her uncle—has kindly been filling her place. He took it for one Sunday last March, expecting she would be able to take it the next Sunday, but week by week he faithfully filled the gap, hoping she would soon be well enough to be in her accustomed place, but her work is now ended, and he is still loyally carrying on the loved work she was called to lay down. The "We Boys" appreciate it, as do the family, for we love the work which was always so dear to her heart. Others are filling the positions which she left vacant, but no one can ever fill her place in the home. She has gone to her home up higher, and may we be a reunited family again when our life work is ended.

Her father,

C. D. Todd.

MRS. BURCH AND HER SISTER

My Sister

TO ME those two words are very sacred, and filled with many tender memories. Never having been blessed with a brother, and she being my only sister, we two were always very near and dear to each other. Mine was one of the truest of true sisters, and if we had not been happy together, it would have been my own fault.

All my life I have enjoyed and appreciated and loved my sister, but after she was gone, and the loving tributes and tender words of appreciation for what she had been and what she had done, came pouring in from every hand, I bowed my head, and marveled that God had so honored me as to let me be her sister!

Her life in the home was always gentle and quiet, and yet bright and cheery withal. She was indeed the life of our home, and wherever she went she carried sunshine with her. Many are the homes besides our own, where her bright presence

will be missed. It seems to me I never knew any one more beloved,—by young and old, rich and poor, and her going has left a void in many lives.

Then, too, she was so simple and unassuming. As I begin to realize more and more the vastness of her work, and the marvelous extent of her influence, I wonder at her humility! She never seemed to dream that she had done anything remarkable.

She could always make time to help others in many *little* ways, as marking Testaments for some of her "Boys," and she read her papers with scissors in hand to cut clippings to enclose in letters to her Boys who were where they could not get good reading. They would thank her in their letters and ask for more. One who is in the Navy wrote that he had committed many of them to memory.

Always with a bright word and smile for every one, she went about in her quiet, unobtrusive way, and won the hearts of everyone she met. Sometimes only a single meeting had a lasting influence.

One Sabbath morning one of our earnest Christian "We Boys" brought with him to Sunday School a profane fellow-workman. The next day this young man remarked to his companion, "I can now understand why it is that you never swear. A boy who is under the influence of such a dear, good woman, does not want to swear!"

And so her influence spread, and eternity alone will reveal the lives that have been made better by having known her.

One of the secrets of her wonderful charm, it seems to me, lay in the well-balanced combination of deep spiritual earnestness, with a bright, cheery, fun-loving nature. She enjoyed a good joke, and her rippling laughter was always contagious. She felt the necessity of the cultivation of our social natures, and was always interested in the social as well as the spiritual side of the church work. Even during her last illness, she kept closely in touch with everything of interest about the church and the church people. Every time any of us were

away from home, she would expect us, as soon as we returned, to go direct to her room, to tell her all that had happened, and no one could have been more interested than was she.

I remember so well when I returned, in the evening, from the last Fourth of July picnic of the "We Boys," that I had to go in, even before I laid aside my wraps, and tell Sister all the happenings of the day. So alert was she mentally, that nothing escaped her interest. How little did we dream that three days later she would be listening to the angel band around the throne.

Her last afternoon, she sat on the front porch as usual, and we had such a pleasant visit together. Twenty-four hours later, she was called to join the heavenly host. What a surprise it must have been to her, to wake up in glory, but she must surely have felt at home, for it was certainly true of her that "She made a little heaven below to go to Heaven in."

God grant that a portion of her mantle may fall on us, and that when our summons shall come, our work may be well done as was hers.

Her Sister,

Minnie Todd Willis.

MR. JOHN D. BURCH

Mrs. Burch As A Companion

[*Her children ("We Boys") arise up and call her Blessed. Her husband also and he praiseth her. Prov. 31:28.*]

AS I REVIEW the twenty-six years of our married life, I cannot imagine how a couple could be more companionable than we were. Her disposition was so amiable and so full of cheer. Could always see the laughable side of questions and things in general, and her laughter was so frank and hearty, that it was a delight to be in her company. As she had read so much, and had met and had to do with so many different classes of people, and was a close observer of things going on around her, she never was at a loss for something interesting to talk about.

On our many, *many* enjoyable buggy rides to call on some poor sick person, or some kind, loving friend, she would frequently remark, how good the loving Lord was to us in giving us so much pleasure in this life, and how blessed it was that we together enjoyed doing the same work of our Master. No matter how ill she might be feeling, as a companion she would try to hide her real feelings from me and would greet me cordially with a smile. She would through the day, as she mingled with different parties try to remember particularly what was said or done, that she thought would interest me, and tell me of the occurrence. Likewise she expected me to jot down on my little pocket note book, anything that occurred with me that would interest her. She was very companionable in this way. And in matters pertaining to my daily life she was always such a good safe adviser. Particularly did she look at all questions as to the right and just way of having them done.

She was extremely conscientious in all her advice and actions. The question with her in these matters was, "What would Jesus do?"

COMPANIONSHIP

As a companion we lived in perfect harmony with each other, love always prevailed, thus our happiness was *complete*. The secret of it all was that we not only lived harmoniously together, but we lived in harmony with our dear Heavenly Father, in whose home and presence she is now so happy.

As a *home maker*, she was delighted in caring for her home. Although many times the calls from our church, Sunday School, League and those of her acquaintance who were sick, or discouraged on the way were great, yet she would never neglect her happy home.

No matter how late we would be in getting home from church meetings or entertainments, she was always ready in the morning for her household duties and then had time to devote to the work away from our home that was pressing upon her thought.

When I would return weary from the busy life of the day, I always found her at *home* ready to greet me with a smile and some good word of cheer.

After our evening meal was over with its exchange of thought, of pleasantry and laughter across the table, the library table was captured, and literature—the best—laid thereon, and from that perhaps she would read to us.

Reading aloud to us she considered a great pleasure—as also did the ones who listened. Later in the evening we together would study up and prepare for work which was needed to help carry forward some good cause.

How frequently I would remark to her as we thus spent our evenings together—If our heavenly home should be any happier to us than this our little home, how delightful it will be to be there. There was no place on earth that I loved to be so much as in our happy home. Surely she had a heavenly home here that would help to prepare her more fully for the greater and more enjoyable home above, where she is with the many dear ones who went before her, rejoicing in praise to, and in the presence of, our beloved Savior whom she loved so much.

Her Bereaved Husband,

John D. Burch.

OUR SAINTED TEACHER, MRS. J. D. BURCH
(From photo taken in 1898.)

Mrs. Burch and Her Class of "We Boys"

MONG the various Christian movements in which Mrs. Burch was earnestly engaged, her work in the Sunday School as organizer and teacher of "We Boys" stands pre-eminent. This class was placed under the faithful care and helpful instruction of Mrs. Burch on July 3, 1893, then consisting of six members. Their names were Earl Sweet, Ernest Oliver, Hartley Shaw, Ed Doer, John Ralls and Fred Brown. This goodly half dozen formed the nucleus out of which has grown our large influential class of today. Many interesting experiences have characterized its progress, and it now enjoys the distinction of being the largest class of young men of its kind of which we have any knowledge. This is due in largest measure to the strong Christian personality, the able teaching and prayerful solicitude of our devoted friend and teacher (now glorified), Mrs. J. D. Burch. There are over two hundred and fifty names on the roll of present attendants, and in addition to these, a large number of ex-members and honorary members scattered far and wide throughout the world. In all, there have been about two thousand names on our class roll since the date of its organization. The membership consists of young men of varied vocations in life, averaging (now) about 25 years. There are doctors, lawyers, journalists, salesmen, bookkeepers, stenographers, engineers, farmers, musicians, architects, merchants, conductors, firemen, agents, business managers, cashiers, printers, laundrymen, students, clerks, carpenters, surveyors, mechanics, plumbers, assayers, day laborers, etc. Here we all meet on *common ground* in *common fellowship*. We have, among our honorary members, several ministers of the Gospel, evangelists, missionaries, government officials, soldiers and sailors. During the late war

with Spain, fifteen whose names have appeared on our class roll offered their services to Uncle Sam, several of whom were engaged in active strife.

Careful attention is given to each individual, by the teacher, the class secretary, the record keeper, and the reception committee. A concise record is kept of attendance at Sabbath School and church, of promptness and contributions, and at each quarter members are ranked according to excellence in these things. A welcoming committee of the class stands at the entrance of the school to welcome strangers, visitors and new members; then at the close of the lesson this committee serves in making introductions. The Sunday School receives no little financial aid from this class, the missionary fund, especially, being greatly increased by the generous fellows.

Realizing that next in importance to spiritual training is the development of intellectual and social qualities, an organization of the class was formed to this end in January of 1895, and named at the suggestion of the teacher "We Boys." This society is composed of members of the class, who have been such six weeks or more, thus serving a term of probation in the class before acceptance by recommendation into the society. These are the purposes as expressed in the preamble of "We Boys" constitution:

"It shall be the object of this society—

"1. To promote a greater interest socially amongst its members.

"2. To develop those intellectual and spiritual elements of character essential to the highest standard of patriotic, Christian citizenship.

"3. To encourage among young men a strict adherence to the laws of purity, which demand the highest respect for, and protection to, womanly virtue, and a total abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors, tobacco and profanity."

The following are the past presidents of "We Boys," each having served six months since date of its organization: Ernest

W. Oliver, Charles R. Hixson, John J. Goldsworthy, William H. Herman, Fred Brown, Lloyd Hummer, Don Fallis, George H. Walker, William C. Hancock, Irvin H. Fallis, Edgar Freeman, William Hunter, Robert Wagner, Joel Berry, Ethan Scheidler, Clarence M. Taggart, F. Arthur Cardwell, Frank B. Cretcher, Dr. Earl Sweet, Dr. G. Maurice Crow, Frank Buren, Riley Eichar, John Poole, Frank Wayne, Rudolph Wuest, Joseph Marple, Jay W. Tinney, Clarence Petty, Perrin B. Heaverin, Herbert A. Ecclestone, J. J. Rutherford, Madison Marine, Carl King. Geo. F. Hopkins is the present president.

A "look-up Committee" of three members, appointed each

THE CLASS CORNER IN THE OLD CHURCH
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month, is a wonderful assistance to the teacher in looking after our absentees.

Our monthly appointed visitation committee looks after our absent members, cheers up and helps the sick, and reports condition of those in need of help.

"We Boys" might also claim to be a fraternal organization as well. Employment has been secured for some who were out of work, sick members have been visited, cheered and helped, and a lift given many a young man just at the time when a lift meant everything for the future.

Among the several officers of the Society, we have a Record Keeper, who keeps the class history and a short biography of each member; a Class Editor, who edits quarterly the class paper, "Birch Leaves"; and a Critic to comment on the proceedings of each meeting.

Many vice-presidents of the Society have served faithfully as Chairman of the Executive Committee, having charge of the programs for all social meetings of the class organization. These social meetings have always been held on the third Tuesday of each month, formerly meeting at the home of some member of the class, until the class outgrew all parlor capacity, and now they meet at the Y. M. C. A., or in the class assembly room of the church. Many pleasant and profitable evenings have been spent at these meetings where interesting and instructive programs have been rendered, consisting mostly of regular business, debates, orations, mock trials, recitations, special music and games. A jolly feeling of fellowship always pervades these occasions. A standing rule requires each member to shake the friendly hand of every one present during the evening.

Every three months the meetings are opened for the admission of our lady friends, whom "We Boys" are all expected but not obliged to escort. The class paper, "Birch Leaves," is read, affording much merriment, while choice music and other special literary features of the program have given great pleasure and added to the social and intellectual development

"WE BOYS" AND THEIR TEACHER IN 1908

of all in attendance. Several tally-ho rides, trolley trips, boating parties, ball games and park picnics have given much enjoyment; but the most prominent social features of the class are the Annual Banquet (with the ladies) held each May at some large dining hall of hotel or restaurant, and the Fourth of July Picnic (the ladies furnishing the lunch), held at one of the beach resorts. Orations, religious and patriotic toasts, solos, quartettes, songs and instrumental music make these feasts very entertaining, and needless to say a source of *delight* to a few hundred. There is splendid musical and literary talent among the boys and their wives and lady friends. Entertainments have been given to the public by "We Boys Quartette," "We Boys Glee Club," and other features of talent from the class organization.

These social good times have helped to form and cement friendship that will live forever, and to tie young men to the class and to their teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Burch have always been so companionable with all, and have joined so heartily in the innocent fun of the young folks. It is no wonder that their influence has been so great and far-reaching for good. All our social meetings are opened and closed with prayer, for we must not forget the *Source* of *real joy* and *happiness.*

These social ties in the class are strong, as we have endeavored to show, but these are overwhelmed by the great spiritual truths so forcefully impressed upon our minds and hearts by our dear Mrs. Burch through the Sunday School lessons of the past. Oh, those Sunday mornings have meant so much to our lives and always will.

Each Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, a half hour previous to the Sunday School service, a devotional meeting is held by the boys in the young people's parlor of the church. Here is spent a profitable time in prayer, testimony, song and conversation over up and down experiences for the acquirement of greater strength of character, and a deeper religious life. To a number of young men who are daily surrounded by influences that are anything but helpful, these seasons of com-

A "WE BOYS" BANQUET (AN ANNUAL EVENT)
At "Hotel Boys' Arms," Terminal Island.

munion with God and one another, have furnished a source of inestimable profit. When at 9:45 a. m. the class convenes in regular meeting to hear with gladness and eagerness God's message through the lesson, there is a silence, attention and reverence characteristic of those who are hungry for the Truth; and here we find it in practical form. Innumerable have been the testimonials of our boys concerning the good imbibed from these morning lessons as a help in daily life. The practical teachings and wholesome advice of Mrs. Burch to her boys have been largely felt in business and social circles. Hundreds who have passed under her counsel and influence have gone forth into the busy world with renewed strength to fight life's battles victoriously; to live pure, clean, manly Christian lives. Many who have achieved positions of high honor and trust bear witness of having received the elements of success and greatest of encouragement from her kindly instruction and inspiring influence.

As a teacher and revealer of God's word, she was marvelous, making the most obscure and difficult passages of Scripture plain and practical for every-day application. As a leader, her good judgment and tact were at times amazing.

Her bright, cheerful, winsome manner drew young men into the class, and then with face aglow, filled with the spirit of the Master, she would unfold the lessons of truth to her boys, plead as a mother, and hold her hearers spellbound. This she would do in a simple, unassuming manner, always hiding herself behind Christ's message of salvation. "Oh, how I wish I could burn the truth into your hearts!" she would often say. And she did it. As to results, scores and scores have been led into a better life, many a prodigal son has returned to the Father's house, and many young Christians have been established in the faith. Sometimes at the close of the lessons (when there were no closing exercises of the Assembly), she would have a testimony meeting; at other times she would hold an altar service, offering an earnest and appealing solicitation for the young men to come to the mercy seat

and give their hearts to God, or to consecrate their lives to Him. While thus kneeling about the altar, after a fervent prayer by our teacher and several short prayers of repentance, consecration, or renewal vows by the boys, she would start singing softly in her sweet, gentle voice:

"Coming home, coming home,
Never more to roam,
Open wide thine arms of love;
Lord, I'm coming home."

Then again in clearer tones she lead in singing:

"The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from the throne
And worship only thee."

Oh, the memory of those refreshing scenes of grace will linger with us forever! We will recall them as we gather around the Heavenly Throne with her, and all our dear ones, to praise our God and King eternally.

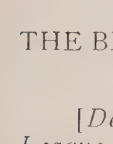
Irvin H. Fallis.

Her Addresses

Many were the inspiring addresses delivered by this noble woman before assemblies, classes, congregations and conventions, that stirred and quickened to a better life the hearts that heard; but few of these talks were ever written on paper for preservation, they were written only in indelible truths on immortal souls; words whose influence shall re-echo to audiences yet to be.

THE BEST PLAN OF PERSONAL WORK FOR CHRIST IN THE LEAGUE.

[*Delivered before the Fifth Annual District Epworth League Convention, Simpson M. E. Tabernacle, Los Angeles, May 22, 1894, by Mrs. J. D. Burch.*]



E HAVE heard it said, "A poor plan well worked is better than a good plan poorly worked." If so, it is more important that we study the how than the what. It is how we say things and not so much what we say that helps or hinders. It is how we do things more than what we do that advances or retards the work of the Lord.

We who belong to Jesus are sent forth to sow. Tiny, indeed, may be the seed, like the mustard seed of the parable, but who knoweth of the harvest? Every act, every word, every look, yea, almost our every thought drops somewhere into some heart and soon commences to grow. What a story will eternity have to tell! Rich, indeed, would be the reaping if all these looks and words and acts of the members of our Epworth League this whole earth around, were the overflow from hearts entirely surrendered to God, filled with his love, ready to do and to dare anything for Him. What careful

preparation, then, should we make for the sowing of the seed whose harvest earth alone can never show! Let us first give our own selves unto the Lord, surrendering to Him the very last thing. Many have been the defeats at Ai because some Achan in the camp has kept for his own use something which the Lord required. It is easy to obey Him in some things—every one does that. It is comparatively easy to be submissive in most things, for nearly all who bear His name are that. But all things! Ah! That is the test! It is only when we can say, "Yes, Lord," to all His will, that He can say, "Yes, my child," to all our pleadings for power from His hand. Shall we longer keep back the price? When God's love comes in and fills such a consecrated heart, the world knows it, feels its power, and says, "I'd like it too."

Men cannot be driven; they may be led. They cannot be scolded into being Christians; they may be won by sweetness and love. Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, we are nothing. A world-renowned evangelist one day approached a friend of mine, who, in answer to his inquiry, told him she was somewhat in the dark as to her Christian experience. In tones not so gentle as might be, he said: "Well, what makes you stay in the cellar when you ought to be in the attic?" A fitting question to be sure, but for years that heart was soured because of *words* with *love* left out. Only as we *love* souls with something of the Christ love can we successfully draw men to Jesus, for it is *love* which wins. To a fully surrendered heart filled with love, add a cheery face. Piety and a long face are not at all synonymous terms. We would repeat the advice we heard Mr. Yatman give to the young people of San Francisco a few weeks ago, "Get enough religion to lengthen out your face sideways." "When Jesus shows His smiling face there is sunshine in our souls." Then, why not let some of it shine out through us and allow our sunny faces to tell for God? Add to these also, a consistent life, that is willing to deny itself if need be, for the sake of the weaker ones. It has been said, "The best part

of a sermon is the man behind it." Why? "Just to know some people is an invitation to go to heaven." It is, indeed, the life more than the words that weigh. A stumbling testimony, weak, as men count weakness, which has behind it a Christly life, will, in God's scales, far outweigh glowing words, which come sometimes from worse than empty hearts. If in your home and business life men have no confidence, nothing you can ever do or say will draw them to your Saviour. True it is, "The sermons in shoes are the sermons to convert an ungodly world." A knowledge of our great guide-book is also one of the essentials, for if we are ignorant of the chart, how can we safely guide another? Let us stand upon the promises of God and they will never fail.

Another requisite for doing successful personal work for God is tact. No two hearts are alike. To try to draw each in the same way would be like baiting your hook with the same bait to catch all kinds of fish. Here is one that snatches at the bare hook, while another scorns the most tempting bait. Let us learn lessons from the fisherman. Just a word is all that is needed to bring some hearts home, while others must be dealt with long and patiently. Oft times one word will do what more would fail of accomplishing. God's fishers must be wise as serpents as well as harmless as doves.

The personal work in the League should not be donned with our Sunday clothes, to be carefully laid away with them when the day is over. All the week through occur golden opportunities where often more good can be done by a word for Jesus than at the church on Sunday. Do we find our best fruits under the trees, fallen to the ground of its own weight? Nay, nay! Sometimes we may find good fruit among the windfalls, but that picked by hand is always the best. Is it any less so when we deal with immortal souls? Under the public ministry of the gospel men are sometimes saved, with no more personal word; but the most of those who bear the name of Christ were brought to Him because some Philip said to them in tones of love and tenderness, "Come and see."

In our opinion wearing the badge opens many a door of usefulness. Inquiry as to what it means has more than once resulted in leading a soul to God. Would it not be an inspiration to many weak ones and a help in numberless ways if every young man and woman who belongs to our army should wear our badge? A trifling thing, you say? Yes, but trifles make the world.

While nothing can ever take the place of the hand-to-hand, heart-to-heart work for Jesus, still the regular devotional meeting of the League may be—aye, should be—the blessed place where we shall see some of our harvest. Let us rally round that meeting place as around no other. Let us lay it before our Father every day; and then "talk it up." As we, in our everyday walk touch one and another of our young friends, let us slip into their hands some card of invitation to our Sabbath evening meetings, or, better still, tell them what grand times we do have there, adding, "Can't you come around next Sunday?" More often than you think will come the response, "Well, I will try." Let us notice the absence of our League members, and show them that we *care* for them and miss them from their places. Oh, what sermons may be preached by just a kindly word or a warm grasp of the hand!

No one rule can be laid down to fit every League in the conduct of its work for Jesus. Ready-made suits, you know, do not always fit. No less is it so in our spiritual work. Variety is the spice of life on League tables as well as on the tables of the world. Do not get into a rut. As you try to vary the preliminary exercises, the songs, the leaders, etc., so into the closing and most important moments put some of the same spice. Except where the meeting is small and all present are known to be Christians, let not one service slip by without saying "Come," and giving some one a chance to respond, "Yes, I do."

Not every night does the lighthouse keeper save a ship from the murderous rocks by his steady light; nevertheless, three hundred and sixty-five times in the year does his faithful

beacon send its cheering rays far out over the frothy waters. Oh, what if one night it should fail! The wreckage upon the beach in the morning might be all that was left to tell the sad story. Just so in our work for Jesus. Better, eternally better, offer salvation a thousand times with no response than fail one time when some one was reaching for the rope.

Never bring in announcements just before you make your plea; many a sacred influence may be thus dispelled. Have the closing moments as free from any disturbance as it is possible to keep a company of folks (not always the young ones) who are overly anxious about securing the best seats in the church. In eternity, how will front seats compare with immortal, never-dying souls? Sam Jones used to say, "You may go out any time during my sermon, but when I say, 'Five minutes and then I close,' don't one of you move." Wisdom, indeed!

The leader of your meeting, the first vice-president, your pastor, your president, or some other competent person may give the invitation, but let it be warm, hearty, earnest, loving. It will miss its mark if given "because it is our custom." Machines could be made to say that, and men feel when such an offer is mechanical. It takes a heart to reach a heart; so get in touch with Christ first—souls are best reached by way of the throne.

Seekers may be asked to raise their hands, or (what is better) to stand for prayers. The most decided step they can be induced to take the better. It is often effective to ask all the Christians present to rise, inviting others to join them, but do not always do that, lest some who dread to be made the target for the gaze of innumerable eyes shall find excuse to stay away. For a change, those who are Christians and have not spoken, may be invited to give a rising testimony, others being asked to join as before. Sometimes the Christians may be asked to bow their heads or kneel while the appeal is being made, the quietness of the moment often making it very impressive. Various other ways may be thought of by

those who study to know how, but whatever method is used, remember that nothing can take the place of love for God and for souls, however beautiful may be your plan.

Then do not lose sight of the seeker. Have your sentinels always on the watch who shall be wide awake for souls. In the larger Leagues an altar service may be made a wondrous means of grace. At least an aftermeeting should be held (as informally as possible) in some smaller room or in a corner of the League room, to which all interested may be invited to remain. After the invitation your Leaguers may go out with their "Glad to see you," and their "Come again," slipping in an invitation to the aftermeeting, and a word or more about salvation. If there are any seekers who are in earnest, we would suggest that at least one or two workers stay with them to help with counsel and prayer till the last step is taken and they go clear through into the kingdom. Like nails that may pull out because they are not clinched, good impressions may fail of bringing forth fruit unto salvation unless there is some decided step taken that night.

Little do you dream how earnestly some young men and women, apparently so thoughtless, are wishing that they belonged to God. They may be waiting for just the word you may speak. Do not unduly annoy them or have too many speak to them at the same time, but lovingly and gently lead. God only knows how many shall rise up in that last great day and call you blessed.

We must not go into this work fearful and faint-hearted. What if we should blunder sometimes? Dr. Berry says: "The young person who never makes mistakes never makes anything else." If at first we don't succeed, you know we must try, try again. After all, it is faithfulness, not success, that merits the "well done." May the dear Lord make us each one watchful to improve all the wayside opportunities to bring souls to Him, for "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his

ways shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins." Oh,

If once all the lamps that are lighted,
Should steadily blaze in a line,
Wide over the land and the ocean,
What a girdle of glory would shine!
How all the dark places would brighten!
How the mists would roll up and away!
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness,
To hail the millennial day!
Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?
I pray you look quickly and see,
For if it were burning, then surely,
Some beams would fall bright upon me.

How To Secure Class Co-Operation

Read at Los Angeles County Sunday School Convention, July 1, 1897.

THE SUBJECT of this paper is, in at least one particular, akin to that of the raising of children. It is a much easier thing to *know how* to make them grow up angelic than to really bring them up the way we know how. Someway, when we try to put our theoretical plans into practice, we find they do not work so smoothly nor bring about as perfect results as they did in our dreams.

Theoretically speaking, it is an easy thing to secure the co-operation of classes in our Sunday School work, but very many cherished plans will fail when we try to put them into practice. However, it is better to have an ideal far beyond us to constantly "spur us on," than to have no ideal at all. "Not failure but low aim is crime."

The Sunday School teacher who is content with today's endeavors and shuts his eyes to all possible improvement will never know the limit of his powers. To be at his best, he must constantly seek to excel; and true excellence is made up of trifles. That mechanic will never reach the top who is not careful about every screw. Insignificant it may seem when compared with the magnificent engine, but the whole cannot

be perfect without the perfection of each part. The Sunday School teacher is a mechanic in the employ of the Almighty One, and his work is the fashioning of material that shall last when this earth with all its glories shall have passed away. How surpassingly important, then, that he should study well his business and *seek to excel!*

No teacher can do the best work for God unless he has the co-operation of his class. He may be just as conscientious in his labors and just as thoughtful in his study and his plans, but without class co-operation, he will certainly fail of the best results. What a great question, then, becomes the one before us— *how* to secure it!

In the first place, no stream rises higher than its source, and no class as a whole ever becomes better than its teacher. The boys and girls, the young men and women, will not co-operate in the best things unless they have confidence in the genuine Christian integrity of those whose lives are thus set before them as examples. Far better do without a commanding presence, executive ability, or a liberal education, than a recognized Christian character. The best part of a lesson is the man or woman behind it, whose life says in tones both loud and clear, "Follow me as I follow Christ." It is one thing to say "Go," and quite another to invitingly say "Come." The every day life is weightier by far than the one lived before the class for an hour on Sunday. As teachers then, let us strive to walk where even the weak ones may safely follow. "We can do more good by *being* good than any other way."

Second only, to personal character in importance, is a heart-felt sympathy for those under our care. If it is in the realm of possibility, we must win their love, but we shall find it true here as elsewhere that we must give a heart if we want to win a heart. When once their hearts are won, the greatest hindrance in the way of class co-operation will have been removed, for we will co-operate with those we love—we can't help it. Hard work we call pleasure if love is the motive power; to spend and be spent for those we love, we esteem

nothing short of a privilege. A sacrifice? The word is unknown in love's vocabulary. She has ways of proclaiming herself peculiarly her own, and one of these is the interest taken in all that occupies the lives and thoughts of the object of that love. As teachers striving to win hearts, we must enter with our scholars into all that touches their lives. We must take an interest in all the innocent fun and frolic of boyhood and girlhood, in the knotty problems and bewildering examinations of school life, in the temptations and perplexities of the young business world; in short, we must renew our youth, and live again our young lives in those of the scholars we wish to win. The teacher who has forgotten that there was ever a day when *he* was young, and who sees occasion for chiding in every outburst of innocent fun will never, never be a success, unless, coming to the great Maker of hearts, he seeks to be put in tune with the gladsome life of the care-free world of youth about him.

Again, while the teacher should know more than his class, and is expected to spend more time upon the study of the lesson, he must not try to show that he feels immensely superior, or act as though it were a great condescension for one who knows *so much* to teach scholars who know *so little*. Boys and girls will soon enough find out how much we know. For some time I was a member of a Chautauqua Circle in this city, the president of which was a very cultivated and well educated Christian gentleman and one who had also enjoyed travel abroad. There were some members of that circle who had had very little schooling, but not one of them all felt otherwise than at home in his company, and he bound himself to our very hearts as he never otherwise could have done. But we have a more illustrious example in that of our great Savior, for He made Himself not a master but a brother and friend to the common men of toil with whom he labored. Truly one of them was He. And so must we be. When speaking of the class, it need not be "my class" but "ours." It is sometimes astonishing how a little change of pronoun will increase the interest by encouraging a feeling of equal partnership.

Then, too, it will not lower the dignity of the teacher to consult with even the little fellows (and sometimes the worst ones, at that) as to what can be done to help *our* class to better study their lessons or attend more regularly, or keep up a livelier interest in the work. The aforesaid boys or girls consulted will walk just a little straighter after that and be certainly an inch taller, for must not they be the very ones to help carry out their own suggestions? Sometimes very unruly boys have become among the best members of the class by making them feel the importance of their help, and perhaps putting upon them some responsibility, however slight. If a mischievous scholar is publicly reprimanded, it may tend to alienate him forever from the Sunday School, and possibly from the church; while if he is spoken to pleasantly when a good opportunity offers, and his help solicited in some special way, he may become the teacher's everlasting friend. Into a primary class in this city not long ago, there came a little fellow who gave great promise of becoming sufficient in himself to occupy the attention of teacher, assistant, and scholars alike. "Now," thought the teacher, "there is trouble ahead." What should be done? The second or third Sunday he was in his place bright and early but not too soon for the teacher. She greeted him cheerily and after talking a little time, tactfully won him heart and soul; and this is what she did. She told him she could see that he was going to be able to help her ever so much. Sometimes she had a hard time keeping so many boys and girls quiet to listen to the lesson, and now she would make him captain of that row of chairs where he sat. He should be one of her assistants, and she would expect him to try to keep the children who should sit there, from making her any trouble. What was the result? Never charm worked better. There was no more annoyance from that quarter, for young hopeful would almost take up arms before he would allow any misbehavior in his row of seats, and from that time forth became his teacher's very best helper. As a fisher of men Paul found even in his day that people could not always

be caught by the bare neck. He confesses to the Corinthian Church that he was crafty and had caught them with guile, but as he did not apologize for the fact, no Sunday School teacher need ever be ashamed of following such an example. Many, many ways will patience and love invent by which to win and hold the wayward one.

Again, to secure the co-operation of a class, it is necessary that the teacher should show no favoritism, but as far as possible make each member feel that he is a part of the whole. The very thought of co-operation embraces the united efforts of the teacher and each member of the class on an equal footing. Particularly where the classes are large, a scholar is apt to feel, "Oh, nobody will miss *me* among so many," and unless he is made to realize that he really *is* missed, he will soon lose all his interest.

Where it is practicable and the numbers in attendance will warrant it, it often works well to have an organization among the members. In my own class of young men, we have a regular society, the members of which are composed of those who have been present at Sunday School within three months. We have a constitution and by-laws, and hold regular meetings (combining business, literary and social features) once a month, at the homes of the boys or of some other good friends who kindly open to us their doors. Every such gathering is opened and closed with prayer. According to our rules, each member present at these social meetings must during the evening shake hands with every other number, and in this way no one ever goes home the stranger that he may have come Election of officers is held every six months, and no one is allowed to be nominated for an office he has previously filled. Every month a committee is appointed to assist in looking up absentees, and work has been done along this line that could not possibly have been accomplished by the teacher. An occasional open meeting when their young lady friends are invited, or a holiday spent together at the beach, tends to increase the interest in the class and binds its members together in their

social life,—a point not to be despised, for the sinning world will have fewer attractions for the young people thus united. The teacher who has behind him a well officered organization such as is suggested has his own powers for securing co-operation multiplied several fold. If he can simply suggest and then let the officers carry out his plans, how much better it is than to do all the work alone! The ideal teacher is one who plans wisely and well and then sets many hands and feet in motion to carry out his plans. The problem of how to secure systematic and continuous lesson study by every member of the class is one I have often tried to solve. The invention of an appliance warranted to secure satisfactory results along this line and adjustable to classes of all sizes and all ages would surely win for himself world-wide renown. As a help toward that end, however, home study may be stimulated by calling attention to it every week or two, and then on the following Sabbath asking how many have done what was requested. A teacher may often in this way secure also the reading of related sections of the Bible. For instance, when we were studying our two lessons from the book of James during the past quarter, one teacher requested her pupils to read the whole book during the two weeks. At the end of that time, she was surprised to see the number of hands raised to show the reading done. The asking of individual questions will encourage home-study if wisely done, so as not to really discourage attendance altogether. The distributing of questions to different ones who are expected to answer them the following week will also tend to the same end. For review Sunday, twelve scholars may be given each a lesson to review in two or three minutes, with a week for study between, or the work may be doubled for six members. Teachers who have not tried this will be surprised how much of study will be given to the two or three minutes' review. So far, only human means have been discussed for the securing of co-operation among our scholars. Nor are they to be despised, for it is only when we have done our best that we can expectantly ask upon our work

the blessing of the great Teacher of teachers. Sometimes when we have exhausted every means within our power, we may be all but discouraged because of our failure to secure this coveted co-operation of our classes. What then? *Perhaps* we may win them by way of the throne. An incident related by A. T. Pierson so aptly illustrates this point that we give it here. "In London there is a tall building at the top of which is a newspaper office that receives its news from Scotland by private wire. There were two young men in charge of the telegraph office; one went about London to collect local news, and on his return one night, found he could not get in, the man up in the fifth story not hearing his knocking. What did he do? He ran to a telegraph office and telegraphed to Edinburgh: "Wake up that fellow in the fifth story." And soon after, down came his companion to open the door. The quickest way to get to the man in the fifth story was by way of Edinburgh." So, often the quickest way to the hearts of those whom we are striving to win is by way of our Father's throne; but we must keep the wires up and the way clear. With this help Jericho walls may fall before us; without it, little Ai may be our defeat. If we ourselves are teachable, He will mold us more and more into His image, and make us workmen better fitted each week to do His service; and oh! what joy shall be ours in that last, great, happy day when we welcome home the scholars God has helped us here to win!

"I would not rest till I am weary,
I would not cease till sinks the sun;
Until the work that God brings near me
Has all been done.

"Each work neglected, is bereavement,
A loss to some one great or small;
Each noble triumph of achievement
Is good for all.

"Whatever unforeseen conditions
Around our paths in life prevail,
If we are faithful to our missions,
We cannot fail.

"The soul that never slights a duty,
However irksome, strange, or hard,
Will see at last the undimned beauty
Of his reward.

"Oh, glorious thought! to feel in heaven
That none by our neglect were harmed,
That every task which God has given
Was well performed.

"Oh, let us, then, with firm decision,
Do every task, bear every load,
And leave, at last, with due submission
Our work with God!"

A Mighty Wheel of Methodism

Delivered at San Diego May 14, 1893.

ROM its very beginning Methodism has been a power in the world, but in order to utilize that power, some machinery is necessary. Tonight, all over this wide world of ours, attention is being called to one of the most important parts of Methodist machinery—the great wheel of the Epworth League.

Four years ago tonight in the City of Cleveland, Ohio, there assembled twenty-seven men, representing five different young people's societies in our church. They met to discuss the advisability of uniting all their forces in one grand society for the young. Two days and nights they labored with the great problem, filling the hours with careful thought and

earnest work. Finally, at two o'clock in the morning of the 16th of May, 1889, they clasped hands and sang the doxology over the completion of this new wheel, and christened it the *Epworth League*. They felt that it needed but two things: First, the sanction of the church and the young people of Methodism; and then, the electric touch of the Holy Spirit to set it in motion; when to their prophetic vision, it would begin to move and become a mighty power to help carry forward the Savior's blessed work. Do you ask if the young people fulfilled their hopes and rallied to the charge? Look only into the shining, happy faces of our hundreds and thousands of consecrated youth for the answer.

Only twenty-seven men formed the Epworth League just four short years ago. Today we are 600,000 strong in our own loved church alone, with 70,000 Juniors to help swell the ranks. Is that an army to flee before the foe? If *one* shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, how many, think you, could our Epworth army conquer if each member feared nothing but sin and loved nothing but God? Who should say but we might almost bring the *world* to enlist under the blood-stained banner of the cross?

The wheel of the Epworth League has six spokes, each representing one department of its work, and each presided over by a chairman. The League President, the Junior League Superintendent, and the pastor form the hub—a pretty well built hub it is, too. These three with the chairmen of the six departments, constitute our cabinet, and it is to them that we look for direction.

Our pledge reads as follows: "I will earnestly seek for myself, and do what I can to help others attain the highest New Testament standard of experience and life. I will abstain from all those forms of worldly amusement forbidden by the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and will attend, so far as possible, the religious meetings of the chapter and the church, and take some active part in them." Loyalty to God, is what we pledge when we join the ranks of this great army.

Bless the Lord! When His wondrous love once gets possession of our hearts and controls our lives, we shall almost unconsciously keep this pledge, for its spirit will be our spirit, and the Lord's will ours.

The League colors are white and red, the white ribbon with a scarlet thread running through the whole, speaking of purity of heart through the blood of Jesus. This is the underlying principle of our League, as every member is pledged to earnestly seek the *best* things. We believe in giving to God our whole hearts, our every minute, and our very best endeavors. It has been said, "Nothing is good that could be better," so we seek to give to the Lord, service nothing less than our best.

Our badge is a Maltese cross bearing our motto, "Look Up, Lift Up." Could nobler words inspire an army to do its best? The center of all is the cross, and so we are trying to make the cross the center of all our thought, looking ever unto Jesus, who will so help and uphold us that we may use both hands to help and lift up others We shall find that the busier we are helping others, the more closely will He draw us to Himself.

"For he who joy on others' path has thrown
Will find there's some left over for his own,
And he who leads his brother toward the sky
Will in the journey bring himself more nigh."

We always urge the wearing of the badge every minute of every day, as a constant reminder that we are not our own, and that for the deeds of the day we are accountable, not alone to ourselves, but to the League and to the Lord. Our members are expected never to go where their badge would seem out of place.

Not a little of the success of the League has been due to the Epworth Herald, the publication of our society, which comes to us every week laden full with precious gems. It has seen but its third birthday and yet has already reached a circulation larger than any other denominational weekly in the

world; and we are safe in saying that it cheers and helps wherever its smiling face is seen.

We praise our God for the Epworth League and for what it is doing today in our land. Already over ten thousand wheels are in motion, and the number is increasing at the rate of ten a day. Listen a moment. Don't you hear? It is the rumble of the chariot of the Lord rolling on to victory. There's a shout in the camp today, for never before have our young people been so busy, so earnest, and so victorious. The shouts ascends from camps far over the waters, and Epworth Leaguers in Norway, Italy, India, Japan, and other distant lands are today joining with ours their voices of thanksgiving. May the shout increase till our Savior's name shall be heard to the uttermost parts of the world, and to His name shall we give all the glory, world without end.

The Epworth Wheel

Read at Alhambra Epworth League Anniversary
May 17, 1896.

SAID A BOY once to a young man carelessly writing upon a window with a diamond, "Look out what you write there, for it won't rub off." With far greater emphasis may our wise mother church say to the young people who compose her Epworth Leagues and who have so much to do with the building of the characters of her youth, "Look out what you write there, for it won't rub off." Right it is, too, that she should ask us to show by what we are building that we are architects to whom may safely be entrusted the eternal interests of so many young hearts, for *what is built into character never rubs off*. It is serious business when we, with our little saws and hammers touch an immortal soul, for all the efforts of after years can never fully remedy the work if it be faulty.

The trademark of the Epworth League is a strong, six-

spoked wheel, that as a whole symbolizes two things in connection with the business it represents. *Round,* it says: "I am like the characters sought to be built up by my owner;" *Strong,* it adds: "I was not meant for show but for service." Each of its splendid spokes represents one department of work, and the strength of the whole is greatly lessened if any of these spokes are missing.

The two that we consider the least important are those under the supervision of the scribe and the money gatherer. Commonplace duties, theirs; but as there is nothing small in God's sight, so there is nothing small in Epworth League work, for without these, the rest could not be made perfect.

A money making institution our society was never designed to be, but Department of Finance is a necessity. A few shekels have always been needed to carry on the work of the sanctuary, and it would not be well to have it otherwise if we could. We appreciate what we help pay for, and Epworth Leaguers should never learn how to put locks upon their pocket-books. An unreserved consecration to God always includes the purse and the bank account.

The next spoke is represented by the Department of Correspondence, having for its chairman the League scribe with his little pencil and note book. The duties are not all done when the minutes are well kept. Oh, no. *Here* goes out from our midst a sweet young girl who has always known the shelter of a home and the help of Christian friends. *There* goes a manly young fellow out to make his fortune in the great, busy, bustling world. They are to be strangers in a strange city mayhap,—a city full of sin in all its forms and as full of those whose business it is to win from virtue and right all who can be so led. Strangers! Alone in a crowd! And so many of the crowd going *down the stream!. Now* comes in the work of a faithful secretary. A letter of loving remembrance and encouragement comes just at the right time. Then some pastor or League worker who has been notified looks up the stranger and surrounds him with helpful friends. How many

a youth has been saved to God and home and Heaven because some thoughtful Christian scribe has done his whole duty! An unreserved consecration to God always includes the pencil and the pen.

The four remaining spokes in our wheel are represented by the Departments busy in works social, literary, merciful and spiritual. No Epworth League is really complete that has not in its life each of these Departments, and no League character complete which has not in it what these Departments represent.

To every heart must come some *social* enjoyment, or life is robbed of much of its sweetness and influence. Jesus Himself surely entered into the social life of His time, since we find Him at the marriage festivities of a friend, and more than once at feasts given by other than his disciples. Some well-meaning people would have us believe that *all* social life is sinful and that those who enter it are at once clasping hands with the world. Others as stoutly affirm that young folks should have for their one aim in life the seeking of a good time, —"Young folks will be young folks," they say, and "you can't put old heads on young shoulders." To them anything is legitimate that will procure one merry hour wherever it may be spent, or however wild the oats that in that hour may be sown.

Between these two extremes, there is a happy middle ground upon which the Epworth League of the Methodist Church is not ashamed to stand. Good times alone are not sinful, else why has God put among us so many singing birds and babbling brooks? All nature seems to enjoy itself, and certainly the loving Maker was no less loving in the plans for His own children. Surely, surely, "the children of a King have a right to shout and sing" and enjoy to the fullest extent every good thing; but God's world is big enough and His resources vast enough, that His loved children—even His young folks—need not go to the world begging for some of its amusement and some of its fun. The King of Kings does not leave His children bankrupt. *Divine* resources He places at our command and makes it possible for us to live so well from the bounties

of His table that the *world* will come to *us* and beg to know the secret of our *best* of good times, that leave behind them no bitterness.

Without apology and with no uncertain sound, the Epworth League has declared against the amusements forbidden by our church, foremost among which are theater-going, dancing ,and card playing. We are well aware that the world declares these same amusements genteel and indispensable to a genuine good time, but when we become children of the King, we ask not of the world its advice, and follow not its instructions. We then become citizens of another country and are amenable to other laws.

We said good times alone are not sinful; but if the securing of the same becomes the mainspring of our lives, that were indeed the lowest of motives to engage the powers of souls for whom our Saviour died. We are not to live to please ourselves. Our great purpose in life should be to make this sinning old world better, and the path to Heaven easier for the weak ones. No evening's enjoyment can ever compensate for the knowledge that some one walking in our footprints has taken the first step from God which makes the second more easy.

This world is full of material for really helpful and healthful recreation and Epworth Leaguers should find and use it to the glory of God, thus making life sunnier and sweeter because they have been of it a part.

We must not forget that we are competing for the souls of the youth of our land—competing with sin, so social, so attractive, so alluring. The world is always *soci*al to those just starting in her ways. Our young men and women find on every side gilded doors of sin that swing inward on unseen hinges, and there is always a "glad to see you" and a "come again" if they choose to enter the invitingly-open door. In competition with *such* social forces, the unsocial church or Epworth League will find itself defeated. Young folks go where they are welcome. Handshakes with hearts put into

them and smiles with hearts behind them are mighty agencies for good, and may become real capital for God if used aright. We must *touch* people if we expect to win them for the Lord, and if our faces and lives shine for Him and people learn to love *us,* they will want to become acquainted with our Savior. "Just to *know* some people is an invitation to go to Heaven," and Epworth Leaguers must try to be of those "some people." We must strive to surround all within our reach with the happiest and most helpful social influences, not forgetting that whether we eat or drink or whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God.

Important as it is, the cultivation of our social faculties must never be the whole of life. There are already in this world butterflies enough, and our Father has higher thoughts for His children. He has given each of us a brain, wonderful beyond any other of His creatures and he expects us to train it to better do His will. For that purpose, the Epworth League has provided a Literary Department. This is a reading age—an age of cheap literature and daily newspapers, not all bad, to be sure, but demanding our most careful selection, "A man is known by the company he keeps" in his reading matter, as well as in his flesh and blood companionships. Our public libraries are full of books with beautiful titles, often used to cover up trash of the vilest kind. The Epworth League does not rob its members of these really entertaining works without putting in their place something far better. It provides or recommends reading courses to suit the varying tastes of all who consider that time lost which is spent in reading a trifling book. To assist in cultivating a taste for helpful reading, our society publishes one of the brightest, spiciest, most helpful papers for young people in the world, and gives them a weekly issue of from sixteen to twenty pages for the trifling sum of eighty cents a year. But none of this good reading is intended to take the place of the *best* of reading—the grand old Bible of the ages. The wide world around, the Leaguer is expected to be an *everyday* student of this guide of all guides, and nothing else can *ever* take its place.

With the social and literary work comes that of the helping hand—the Mercy and Help Department. This great world is full of aching hearts, hungry mouths, sickly bodies, that appeal to us for comfort and help. "If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say to them 'Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled,' notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?" *What doth it profit?* That is the question that our Epworth Leaguers have heard. They are in this world for profit, profit that reaches far into the next—and so they have gone out with their sweet, young faces, and their happy smiles, and their fragrant posies and their comforting songs (not forgetting the bread and the jelly), to scatter smiles and sunshine into darkened homes and hospital wards and prison cells—any place where there is somebody that needs them. True Sisters of Mercy have they been as they have gone up and down in your community and in mine, always remembering that "looking up" and "lifting up" are to go together. Our Macedonia is often found within a stone's throw of our own happy homes.

"It may be little we can do
To help another, it is true;
But better is a little spark
Of kindness when the way is dark
Than someone should miss the road to Heaven
For lack of light we might have given."

But one Department remains to be considered—that of Spiritual Work, the first and most important of all. The winning and holding of our youth for God should be the great aim of all our service; and yet we must ourselves be wholly the Lord's or we can never invitingly say "Come." Others will not be led into green pastures unknown to ourselves, or beside the still waters of which we ourselves do not drink. The *best* in Christian life and experience is what every true Epworth Leaguer is pledged to seek. Nothing short of *the best* can satisfy.

The markets of the world are overstocked with laborers clamoring for work, a large percentage of whom are found to be those who know how to do nothing well, who are *content* with being second best. In *God's* service, such contentment seems almost a crime. He places all the best things within our reach, then why should we be content without them? He always exchanges best for best. Though very poor *our* best may be, yet the dear Lord asks our all. Shall we deny Him? The abiding presence of the Holy Spirit in our hearts is all that will fit us for His service, and He comes in when we for Him make room. It is only when we abide in Him and He in us that we can become successful soul winners and it is to just such *blessed* work that every Epworth Leaguer is called "workers together with Him!"—a privilege that angels might covet! "Ambassadors for God!" an honor that places us in Jesus' stead!

The Sabbath evening devotional service should be nothing short of a workshop for God, a place devoted to the building of Christian character and to the winning of souls. It takes a heart to reach a heart, and some there are that may never be saved if we are unfaithful. We are the Lord's watchmen upon the walls. The boys and girls in their Junior societies are also looking to us for guidance, and for example. Their fresh young hearts and lives are in our hands to be fashioned as we will. No more sacred trust has been committed to the Epworth League and she must to it be true. Opportunities on every side abound. Our young people should be quick to respond. "Yes, Lord, send me." The fields are white already to the harvest, and the Lord intends that none of His children shall come to the great harvest home without at least one single head of wheat. The days go swiftly by! The harvest time draws near! We can almost hear the songs of the reapers as they come bringing in the sheaves; but among all that vast multitude there should be none more heavily laden with the golden harvest than our Epworth host, who have had such rich fields in which to glean. This last named depart-

ment of our work, if rightly handled, will help to people Heaven.

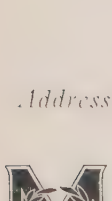
The great Epworth wheel of which we have spoken, with its six splendid spokes is not complete without a good strong hub, and there we find the Junior Suerintendent, who is the recruiting officer for the Senior society, the League President, who unites all in one, and the pastor of the church who should always find his place in the center of it all.

A fine piece of human workmanship is this Epworth wheel of ours, but with all its beauty and all its strength, it is useless without some motive power outside of itself. God Himself has breathed into it the breath of life and set it in motion. If in the years to come it be kept in constant touch with His own exhaustless battery of power, it shall roll on and on till, with its sunshine and salvation it encircles the globe, and helps to usher in that blessed day when the Sun of Righteousness shall shine into all the earth's dark corners.

Mrs. J. D. Burch.

Christian Service

Address at Escondido M. E. Church. At the Epworth League, Feb. 2, 1896, by Mrs. J. D. Burch.



OST of the audience here tonight are young folks. We are most of us under thirty years of age, with all our health and strength, and all the beauty we ever did have, and all our prospects before us. Did you ever really seriously think and ask yourself the questoin, "What did God make me for?"

He has given us so many privileges and opportunities, and materials to work with. This body, what a wonder it is! With the muscles in such close touch with our brain that we have but to will an action and it is done. And those wonderful eyes of the soul, pillowed on soft cushions that they may not be jarred, walled all round that they shall not be hit and injured, and

while with telescopes large instruments are used to change the focus from near to distant, here we change both eyes at once, without ever a thought. Curtained with curtains, and furnished with fringes for protection, and so wonderfully arranged that the window panes are wiped off with this window cleaner every few seconds, from the time we enter life till we go out of it, without ever a thought.

Then this engine in here that goes pump, pump, pump, seventy, seventy-five times every minute, week in and week out, year in and year out, sixty, seventy, eighty years or more, without ever having to be taken out and repaired, or ever getting tired, when we wake and when we sleep the same. What did God give us such a wonderful body for?

And then this wonderful mind of ours! As some one has said, "What a wonder that one head could contain it all!" Objects we have seen, faces, landscapes, facts, hundreds and hundreds and thousands of things, if we live a long life, stored away somewhere. Where does it put them all? We may not think of things for years and years, when something calls them up, and there they are. Where have they been all that time? What did God give us such wonderful minds for?

And then my soul, that is *myself,* that loves and chooses, and has stamped on it the impress of eternity, so built into us that we know that this life is not all. What did God give us our souls for?

In Is. 43:7, it says, "I have created him *for my glory.*" Have *you* been living for God's glory? Why not?

You may say, I am living to glorify myself. That is good as far as it goes. I admire anyone who tries to make the most of himself. We should do so. We should get all the education we can, and make the most of ourselves in business, and every other way, but if that is the main aim in life, to have people speak our praises, it will fall short of satisfying the human soul. The crowd that cries, "Crown him" today, will cry tomorrow, "Stone him, and cast him out of the city."

You may say, "The boys will laugh at me." Yes, of course

they will. That's the easiest thing in the world to do to try to cover up a wrong inside one's own heart. They may laugh, but if you're true to God, they will not always laugh. A friend of mine who is a brakeman on the road became a Christian and bore everything that could be borne, but every one of those men who ridiculed him came and apologized, and he was enabled to help some of them to God. I heard one of my boy friends say to another, "Roy, you don't know how disappointed I used to feel when you didn't speak to me about religion. I used to laugh at you, and despised myself because I didn't have grit enough to be a Christian too." Many a boy has been laughed into a drunkard's grave. He didn't *want* to be a drunkard, and didn't *mean* to be, but was afraid of being laughed at.

You may say, "I'm having fun enough now and would have to give up all my good times if I became a Christian."

I believe God intended we should have good times. He made the birds to sing, the little brooks to murmur as they hurry over the rocks, the trees to sound His praises; does He care less about the happiness of His children?

There are amusements of the world that might hurt us, or somebody else, but if we give God our hearts, there'll be no trouble about keeping the Epworth League pledge. We'll live above the pledge, keep it and never think of it at all.

A mother may see her children playing with sticks of dynamite, building houses with them, and enjoying the fun, but when she finds out what they are, she hastily snatches them away.

The children may cry, but she loves them too much to let them have such playthings. To be sure, they *might* play with them and not be blown up, but she won't take the chances. God is more loving than any mother, and though we *might* go into some of the world's pleasures and not be injured, some one else may find them the road to death.

Some of you may say, "I am too busy. Wait till I get rich, and then I'll be a Christian," but riches do not bring happiness or satisfaction. I sat at dinner one time with a middle-

aged man and his wife. He has been a retired merchant for twelve years or more, and has been to California every year to spend his winters, for ten years, at least. Nothing to do but drive his fast horses and enjoy himself. He ought to be happy, but when I sat at dinner with him, he said, "As far as I can judge, life is not worth the living."

Another couple who had an elegant home, elegantly furnished, were not happy, and we have often said, as we have come from there, "We would not change places with them for anything in the world."

In contrast to these is a dear old lady friend of mine who is about to celebrate her eighty-sixth birthday. (We are not the same age, but I consider her a special friend of mine.) She is totally deaf and nearly blind, so that she can only see writing if it is plain and large, and she holds it close to her eyes, and then she has to use two pairs of glasses. She has buried most of her children, has lost her health, so that she goes from her room maybe once in six months, has not been to church but once in about eight years, and then she was sent for, for a special "Old Folks' Day." She has lost her property, so she has very little to make her happy, but the Lord so fills her soul that she sometimes has to walk the floor because she is so happy. When asked by her pastor when she was happiest —in her early Christian life, or now at its close, she said, "Now. The way grows brighter as I near the gates of the Golden City." She has tried this way over seventy years. Oh, that's the life *I* want to lead. It's better farther on. In my short life I have proved that it's better farther on, and am willing to trust it will be ever so.

Some may be so wrapped up in a loved one, or so satisfied with home, that they feel they have no need of Christ, but some day the loved one may slip away, and then what will you do? Last fall I visited my childhood's home, that I had not seen for fifteen years. While there the lady friend with whom I was stopping took me for a drive around the place, up to the little brick school house on the hill, where I used to go to school

and play games at recess, but the first place she took me was to what was probably, to her, the most sacred spot in all the world—the cemetery up on the hill.

We drove about among the graves, and at last stopped by the grave of their only daughter, a beautiful girl eighteen or nineteen years of age. I looked at the name, and date of her death, and then saw underneath these words, that I shall never forget, "With her our hearts lie buried," and I believe it was so. Oh, some day, if we live for anything but God's glory, our hearts may lie buried in the grave of our loved idol.

But probably more than any other excuse would be, "Not tonight, some other time, but not tonight."

How many are there in the room who *never* expect to be Christians? Raise the hand. (Not a hand raised.)

How many are there who are already Christians, and know it?

Not so very many, and all the rest of you expect to be some day. Why not tonight? You have perhaps often heard the questions asked in large assemblies, how many became Christians between certain ages. The most will always be between fifteen and twenty-five, and then these are fewer as the years increase. I even read of one in Bishop Taylor's book who became one when he lacked but three months of being ninety-nine years of age, but what a rare exception to the rule.

As we add up our years, our chances for salvation lessen. Our souls are like the blacksmith's hands. At first the iron burns, but with continual handling, it becomes possible to handle almost red hot iron without feeling it. It is so with our souls. We say "No!" tonight, we feel less like it next Sunday night. The next night we repeat it, and there is another layer added, and so it goes.

About ten days ago I received a letter in which was written, "Mrs. Burch, I would like to be a Christian, but it just seems as if I can't. I remember the time when it would have been an easy thing for me, but then I wouldn't, and now it seems as though I can't."

And now a word about what it means to be a Christian.

The first step, as you have often heard, is repentance; such a sincere sorrow for sin, that we are willing to turn from it. God wants us to give up our *wills* to Him, not in one thing only, but in all things. When we earnestly come to God seeking him, there will generally come before the mind one or two things that we are not willing to do, or to give up. I have heard young folks say, "Well, I like to dance, and I don't believe there is any harm in it, and I won't give that up." God is not so particular about your giving up that special thing—He wants your will about *all* things. One lady said, "Well, I'll *never* go to the altar," but at last she became so much in earnest that she was willing to go anywhere or do anything, and she went to the altar and was saved, and is today one of our most earnest League members. God wanted her will, that was all.

We say it is easy. Well, yes, it is; after you know how, and after you do it, but I have seen battles as real as were ever Thermopylae or Waterloo, fought inside of the heart. We like to have our own way so well that victories come hard.

Some of you may have tried to serve God with half your heart, and the world with the other half. I wouldn't advise any of you to try it, for it will be a failure.

When we come to God and surrender all our wills, trust God that He means what He says in His Word, and then walk with, and obey Him, He will lead us into His sunlight.

A Hive of Industry at Los Angeles

Written for The Epworth Herald, May, 1909.

BUSY hive of buzzing bees is the Epworth League of First Church, Los Angeles, Cal., and genuine honey, too, can be shown as the result of unceasing effort on the part of the swarm in that hive. Would you like to hear about what is being done and how? Yes? Well, then listen while I tell you.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE
Mrs. Burch standing on platform at right.

Features of Organization.

There is a membership of about 350, and when any of the number go into missionary or evangelistic work, they are put upon an honorary list, where by use of Uncle Sam's mail, they keep in touch with the League and remain a constant inspiration. Among the present honoraries are proudly counted Hugh E. Smith and wife (eminent evangelists), E. H. Greeley of Rhodesia, Africa), David Pakchoyan (of Van, Turkey), Mrs. Kingsley Pease (of Singapore, S. S.), and Dr. Gertrude Taft (of Chinkiang, China).

Believing in the principle that the leaders should *do* as little of the work as possible, while seeing that everybody else is hustling, the very first cabinet meeting of each year is spent in dividing the membership into the four great departments. Then follow printed notices, department meetings, appointment of advisory committees of five, election of secretaries and sub-chairmen for a dozen or so lines of work—and the work is fairly started, the bees are beginning to hum. Regular monthly or bi-monthly department meetings are planned for and reports demanded of each under-workman, the chairman compiling the facts for the business meetings and for publication in the monthly "Harvester."

Literary and Social Features.

More than eight years ago there was started by the literary department of this Epworth League a neat little monthly of twenty-four pages, called the "Harvester," which has won such a place in the heart of the church that it has been regularly adopted, and become the official record of all church societies. No other agency so unites the varied industries of this great institution as does this little monthly sunbeam.

For the library; a cozy alcove of the League room has been cut off by cord portieres, carpeted, and furnished with table, book-cases, busts and pictures. A busy corner is this after every meeting, for here books are loaned out in the regu-

lar city-library fashion, by librarian and assistants elected by the fourth department.

A portion of the year, a Literary Club has met twice a month and under an efficient leader has studied the works of Lowell, Tennyson or Byron.

To make the monthly business meetings more "catchy," a committee plans for some novel feature after each session. For instance, when the meeting came at election time, frequent election returns were read and then between times, a farce political campaign was conducted by four candidates of as many parties. A mock trial, a debate, a trip to Alaska, representations of living books, and cleverly arranged social hours have each in turn increased both the interest and attendance at the business meeting.

One evening last October a "joint department meeting" was announced for Echo Park. Blazing logs were piled in the big fireplace and Japanese lanterns were hung from the trees. Each department conducted its necessary business while potatoes roasted in the rosy coals, and then followed refreshments of sandwiches, olives, baked potatoes and marshmallows, toasted over lighted candles.

In July or August of each year, a picnic supper is enjoyed at Eastlake Park. Beautifully decorated tables are loaded with all sorts of good things. Lanterns, candles and the good old moon furnish the light, while the young folks devour the goodies. A few bright toasts follow and then the evening closes with a jolly boating party on the lake.

Once in three months a general social is held, but *never* is it done to raise money. Would it not be well if more of our social affairs were to become purely means of *catching young people for God?*

Different young people have charge of each social and there are no two alike. Here are the suggestive names that some of them bear: "Jerusha Dow's Family Album," "Harvest Social," "Railroad Social," "College Track-meet Social," "Glad Hand Social," etc.,. the decorations and refreshments being

as varied as the programs. When the sailor boys of the fleet visited Los Angeles, the League had charge of one evening's good time at First Church, and a red-letter occasion it was for the boys in blue.

"Strangers' Socials" are held almost every month in some private home, and on each occasion twenty or thirty young people who are away from home are given a pleasant evening, with an opportunity to begin to make the right kind of friends in this strange land.

Every month new committees are named to welcome at the door every one attending League meetings, new ushers are asked to seat the people, and different young ladies are appointd to brighten the room with flowers. A seller of League badges, two agents for the Epworth Herald, and a reporter are named for each year's work.

Mercy and Help Features.

In the sunshine department there must be many sharers of responsibility, for busy people can each do but little. A Good Works Committee calls on the strangers, the sick and the shut-ins, distributes bouquets, dainties, clothing and money (if necessary), sends an occasional letter to brighten some weary heart, and acts as general "cheer-up-adists."

A Mite-Box Committee scatters as many mite-boxes as possible and the funds are brought together in December for the Christmas dinners for the poor.

The posies that on Sundays have blessed the League room are later taken out by willing hands to the sick ones, and breathe out to them their own sweet messages of love.

One young man has, every week for years, given out Classmates and other good papers to the barber shops. At first they were not very gladly welcomed, but now are eagerly read, and the distributor is a most welcome visitor.

A nursery is conducted during the Sunday morning church service the year round, and here many mothers, who would otherwise be kept at home by their babies, leave their little

ones in the best of care. From twenty to thirty are tended every week and many a weary mother's heart is glad.

At the County Hospital a great work is being done. Two faithful men in charge, with an average of fifteen helpers, go out every Sunday afternoon laden with fruit, flowers, papers and magazines to give out to the patients. On Easter, Easter cards are distributed, and at Christmas handkerchiefs for all. The little gifts, accompanied as they are by a kindly handshake and smile, have opened many a heart-door hitherto tightly closed, and there is an average of nearly one conversion a Sunday from among these lonely, friendless, suffering ones.

At Christmas the greatest charity work of the year is carried on. The church unites in giving a fund of over $100.00 for the needy ones, and two days before Christmas many hands are busy buying and sorting into baskets which contain every article for a substantial Christmas dinner, besides books and toys where there are children in the households. Eighty families are thus remembered and, among these, 220 children are included. Do you wonder that those who carry out the baskets feel that they have surely discovered where Heaven is?

Missionary Features.

The Department of World Evangelism is pushing missionary interests in every possible way.

A Mission-Study Class under interesting leaders (one year guided by a returned missionary from Korea) has studied the books of the mission-study course. One season the meetings were held a week evening every two weeks, but the past year the favorite time has been four o'clock Sunday afternoon.

A goodly collection of missionary books in the League library is put in charge of an earnest missionary-at-heart whose business it is to know the contents of the books and push them into circulation among the young folks on every possible occasion. A small committee also pushes tithing interests.

A most interesting Chinese Epworth League is superintended by a young man appointed by and reporting to the

mother League, and prospective missionaries need ask for no better practice-ground. Another unexcelled practice-ground in hand-to-hand dealing with sinners is at the City Rescue Mission, where young Leaguers conduct the Friday night meetings each week.

A wide-awake corresponding secretary keeps in touch with our four members on the firing line at the front, and frequently there come to us from across the waters letters that would stir hearts of stone.

The money for support of the League's foreign missionary work is never secured by socials or entertainments, but by unadorned Christian giving, and $550.00 has been raised for several years to sustain native preachers in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Rhodesia, Africa, a Bible woman in China, and two orphans receiving Christian training in Africa. Is not this world-wide missionary work?

Features of Spiritual Work.

The Department of Spiritual Work, in addition to the appointment of an advisory committee of five who select the leaders for the Sunday night meetings, elects the following officers, and at once puts sixteen people into places of responsibility: Recording and Statistical Secretaries, Leader and Secretary for the Bible Study Class, Superintendents of the Quiet Hour Work, Street meetings, Care of Members, Care of New Members, Care of Converts, Personal Workers, and Visitation of other Leagues. The Junior and Intermediate League also report to this Department.

The Statistical Secretaries work is of very great value in helping to keep in touch with the membership. A record book containing names of every member is carefully marked weekly and a memorandum kept of attendance, testimonies, prayers, requests for prayer, conversions, etc. In this way absences and lapsing interests are noted immediately, and the saving of a soul from possible shipwreck may result.

The Bible-Study and Probationer's Class meets every Mon-

day night and is so bright, spicy, devotional and helpful that an average attendance of fifty-four is maintained throughout the year. It is no less important to save and train the young people than to start them in the way, and here many a beginner has been saved for God.

For fifteen years, with few exceptions, from one to three street meetings have been held before the League service every Sunday night, and many have thus heard the gospel and been drawn to the church. A baby organ (given by two of our members) and sometimes a cornet have helped greatly in drawing a crowd.

The Sunday night service at six o'clock has always been *the* great meeting of the League. The meeting-place is a half basement room and in itself not at all attractive, but soft tinting of the walls, airy curtains at the windows, and several beautiful pictures on the walls make it a most restful retreat. There is an average attendance of about 350 and the keynote has always been "Evangelism." Cornet and violin help to give zest to the singing, and frequently appropriate songs are interspersed with no accompaniment or announcement. Everything is wide-awake, earnest, prompt. The testimony part of the service is nearly always guided by the First Vice President, and no long pauses occur. Sometimes a dozen or even twenty are on their feet, awaiting a chance to speak. Sermonettes are relegated to the rear. Occasionally a consecration service is held about the altar, when the prayers are sung feelingly by everybody, and Heaven comes very near indeed.

A Rally meeting is held quarterly, when special prayers are offered for absent members and messages read from their hands.

Never in twenty years has a League meeting been held without throwing out the life-line and inviting hearts to seek the Lord. This institution stands as a light-house whose lamps never go out and whose soul-saving crew is always on duty. The First Vice President himself was a convert at these altars and many are the young people whose hearts praise God for the First Church Epworth League of Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. J. D. Burch.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Outlines of Bible Study

COUNTING THE COST

"Luke 14:25-35."

(Bible reading given February 22, 1909, at the Monday Night Class. One of series on The Life of Christ.)

THE DINNER at the Pharisee's house was now over, and Jesus was going about among the villages teaching. Ver. 25, 26. This sounds hard, but what does this "hate" mean? Did He not teach love? "Hate" here means just what a soldier pledges on his enlistment, or a bride promises at her marriage — "forsaking all others cleave thee only unto him so long as ye both shall live." She "hates"—by comparison—her father's home, name, table, protection, cease companionship. (Illus. Use marriage covenant). A girl should certainly weigh things and count the cost well before taking a step like that. Matt. 10:37; Eph. 5:31, 32.

In becoming a Christian, Jesus wants no one deceived. To follow Him meant more than to simply be in the crowd that went after Him. Matt. 19:16, 21, 22. He did not want to discourage people, but to sift out the false from the true. The only ones able to stand the tests of the future are the ones who are willing to take a decided stand for Him now. Josh 24:15. Those who surrendered *all* could not be asked then to do more than they had already done in their hearts. Ver. 27. Those who suffered crucifixion, carried their own crosses to the place of punishment, "whoever is not willing freely to deny himself even unto death,—and that the most painful and shameful, is not my disciple." Phil. 3:8-10.

All self-denial for Jesus sake is "bearing the cross," but often a continual endurance of little crosses is more difficult to bear than martyrdom, and is as real sacrifice as the life of Jesus. Luke 9:23. Ver. 28-30. We are to build a character-temple *for Him,* and it is expensive to maintain a consistent Christian character. It costs more not to be a Chris-

tian, but it *does cost* to become a Christian. If it is worth something, *it costs,* and it is well enough to realize it. Then we know we have paid the price, and others will know that our religion means something to us. The world does not think it's worth much, if they know it costs us nothing. We always appreciate the things for which we sacrifice.

Ver. 31, 32.—Every Christian is in a war against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Eph. 6:11-13, and in the apparently unequal contest, he first makes the "sacrifice of his life in the inner court of his heart." To win, he needs reinforcement from an Almighty Savior, 2 Kings 6:16; Is. 59:19; Jude 24. Ver. 33. We are most of us willing to give up all except one thing, but we are to give up everything to use as He would have us. Ver. 34, 35. "The disciples who, having counted the cost, give up all to Jesus and follow Him, are the salt of the earth, preserving it from corruption, seasoning its insipidity, freshening and sweetening it. Matt. 5:13; but the churches and the people who keep the form but have lost the power of godliness, who go through ceremonies but have not the indwelling Holy Spirit, not only are of no use in making the world better, but themselves shall be destroyed."

Is salvation worth what it costs?

Compensation? Matt. 19:27, 29; 1 Cor. 2:9.

Songs—"I surrender all," or "It pays to serve Jesus."

Outlines of Bible Study

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(Bible Reading given by Mrs. J. D. Burch, at the Monday Night Class, March 15, 1909,—being one of the series of The Life of Christ. Luke 15:11-16.)

THIS parable is "the Gospel within the Gospel; the crown and pearl of all Christ's parables.

1. The Two Sons. Ver. 11. The man here mentioned is our Heavenly Father. Is. 64:8.

The elder son represents the scribes and Pharisees, and the younger, the publicans and sinners.

2. The Wandering. *1st Stage.* A discontented, rebellious heart. Ver. 12. All sin begins in the heart before it reaches hand or foot.

Why this request? Man's natural desire to be independent of God. Restraint is irksome. Boys generally have a desire to run away from home. The world looks so attractive, and will surely be all that it promises. God is the obstacle in the way.

But two things are necessary—freedom and money—and now this boy had gotten both. O joy! Now there was nothing to interfere with his having "a good time."

What did his request show? Selfishness, ingratitude, self-will, determination to do wrong, undutifulness, and narrow vision. Sin looks so different afterward! Oh, if we could only sooner see the consequences. Gen. 3:4, 5, 17, 19, 24.

God respects our free will. He never forces submission. He lets us have our own way if we insist, Jer. 32:33, but in time we will find that "the only true freedom is in God. Is. 48:18. To depart from Him is not to throw off the yoke, but to exchange a light yoke for a heavy one." (Trench.)

"God has given to men His living, spiritual natures after His own image, conscience, reason, talents, memory, powers, capacities of blessedness, His word, His home, His love, His care, and worldly blessings beyond measure." (Peloubet.)

2nd Stage. Leaving father and home, Ver. 13, bent now on having "a good time." "Sin, not distance, makes the far country"—estrangement from God. Is. 59:2.

3. Consequences. *1st Riotous Pleasure.* Real fun at the beginning, "The cheer and warmth which comes from the flames when first approached and before they are near enough to burn." (Peloubet.)

"The pleasures of sin are the devil's bait, and they always have a hook in them." (Torrey.) John 8:44. Not many fish will bite a bare hook.

2nd, A Wasted Living. "The worldly life is always a wasteful life." (Abbott.)

"That is wasted which fails of the true use for which it was made. The sinner wastes his faculties, his opportunities of doing good and being good, his Bible, his Sabbaths, his religious training, and gets nothing but a temporary pleasure in return." (Peloubet.)

3rd, A Famine of the Soul. Ver. 14. "Satan as a paymaster is a bitter disappointment." When sinful pleasure ceases to give delight, there commences a famine. Jer. 2:13. The world can never satisfy the soul. (Illus. Salt water for thirst, stones for hunger.) Eccles. 2:1-11. Lord Byron tried it and wrote, in middle life:

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be." and
"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the anguish, and the grief
Are mine alone."

4th, The Slavery of Sin. Ver. 15, 16. "With all his banquets and lavishments, he had not gained a single real friend." The friends made by sin generally desert a man in his need. So he "glued himself" to a citizen there and became his slave —to feed swine! He hadn't learned how to do anything else.

"He who begins by making the world his servant to minister to his pleasure submits finally to have the world use him as its drudge." (Trench) and poor is the world's fare. Prov. 1:30, 31.

1. He can't do *right* freely—a slave to his bad habits. (Drunkard.) Prov. 23:35.

2. He can't do *wrong* freely, because of his conscience and the Holy Spirit. Isa. 57:20, 21.

3. He is compelled against his will to suffer the consequences. Romans, 6:23, Eph. 6:17, 18.

4. He is a slave to his fears of punishment, like a person who had been guilty of a penitentiary offense, and was in

such constant fear of being found out, that it was really a relief when he was arrested.

WARNINGS. 1. Beware of evil companions who decoy into evil ways. Prov. 1:10.

2. *Beware of evil habits*—wine, impurity, gambling. Rom. 6:13.

3. *Beware of the commencement of sinful suggestions in* the heart. Matt. 15:19; Prov. 4:23.

4. Have *you* found that sin is a *hard master?*

Song: "Where is my wandering boy tonight?"

THE PRODIGAL HOME-COMING

(Bible Reading given at the Monday Night Class, March 22, 1909. Being one of the series on The Life of Christ. Luke 15:17-21.)

Review first parable.

HOMEWARD STEPS

1. *Consciousness of sin and want.* Ver. 17 (f. c.) The life of sin had not been his true self. Sin is insanity. His eyes were now opened, and he saw himself in all his sad plight. Job. 42:5, 6. One must realize a need, or he'll never seek something to satisfy it.

2. *Consciousness of better things.* Ver. 17. (1. c.) Even the lowliest at home was never hungry. O, the contrast! How it made him wish he were back! The Holy Spirit convinces of righteousness as well as of sin. John 16:8.

3. *Repentance.* Ver. 18, 19.—commences in the heart. "He resolves with all his heart to change his course of life." If such a resolution is sincere, he is already on his way back. Matt. 26:75. Mark 16:7. "Heart of contrition and feet of determination bring one directly home." Luke 19:8, 9.

4. *Forsaking sin.* Ver. 20 (f. c.) No one who does not turn his back upon sinful ways will reach his Father's house. Neither conviction of sin, nor resolutions of reform are enough. (Illus.) "It is actually arising and going that saves." Is. 55:7. He forsakes all in turning his back on the far country—his associates, his habits, his all.

5. *Return to God.* Jer. 3:12, 22. When we turn toward God and His ways, we are turned toward all manner of blessing.

6. *Confession to the father.* Ver. 21. He didn't finish what he had planned to say. Ver. 19. He either forgot it, or his father could wait for no longer speech. The prodigal made no excuse. Ps. 51:2-4; Prov. 28:13. He who thinks he is "not so very bad" could not appreciate forgiveness. Confession is the sign of repentance, and is due to the One sinned against, who is then ready to forgive.

When there is something we must make right with man, God will take our note for future payment, and forgive us on the spot. Ps. 32:5. Luke 18:13, 14. 1 John 1:9.

Song—I've wandered far away from God.

THE FATHER'S WELCOME.

Luke 15:20-32.

Luke 15:20. Here is shown the father's unsleeping solicitude.

Jer. 31:3. Eyes, heart, feet, arms, lips engaged to welcome the prodigal. He goes from Heaven to Calvary to meet him.

John 6:38, 39. Never a chiding word,—only compassion.

Ps. 145:8. The sinner "came," the father "ran." God maketh greater haste to the sinner than the sinner does to God." (Farrindon). 2 Chron. 16:9.

The father kissed the past into forgetfulness. The son becomes conscious of his love. Kissing is the pledge of reconciliation.

Eph. 2:13-19. "My God is reconciled." The best robe was his. Ver. 22.

Rev. 19:8. And the ring—the chosen emblem of love bestowed and received. He was then his father's son in very truth.

Gal. 4:6, 7. His feet were shod and that signified his sonship, as servants and slaves wore no shoes. 1 John 3:1.

The shoes were the new foot-gear for walking in the new path of obedience. Eph. 6:15.

The fatted calf was his, too. Ver. 23, showing the father's joy. Ver. 10. The reason for it all, Ver. 24. Eph. 2:1.

The only note of discord, ver. 25-32, representing the Pharisees.

Song—"Ring the Bells of Heaven."

Outlines of Bible Study

DEDICATING TO GOD THE COMMONPLACE THINGS OF LIFE

Lesson Given April 4, 1910.

Matt. 21:1-7; Mark 11:1-7; Luke 19:2-35; John 12:1, 9-11.

Intervening history between the last Lesson and this. Luke 19:28; John 12:1, 9-11; John 11:45.

ON FRIDAY night Jesus came to Bethany. Till Saturday at sundown (the Sabbath), He spent resting quietly, gathering strength for the awful week before Him.—One of the reasons for the Sabbath is that it may bring to man a change and rest from his week of toil.—Ex. 20:8-11.

On Sunday morning, He planned to go up to Jerusalem.

1. *The Messengers.* Luke 19:29. Probably Peter and John were His willing messengers, as afterward. Luke 22:8.
2. *The Errand.* Luke 19:30.
3. *The Questionings.* Luke 19:31-33.
4. *The Response.* Luke 19:33, 35.

OUR LESSONS

Whatever of ours the Lord may be able to use, we ought to gladly grant Him. We may never be asked for any great service, but shall we deny Him even the most commonplace of things that He wants?

1. *Our Lips,* pure from profanity and vulgar stories, testifying for Him and reflecting His purity. Prov. 10:21.

2. *Our Songs,* honoring Him. Col. 3:16.

3. *Our Habits.* 1 Cor. 6:19, 20 (drink and tobacco); Is. 52:11.

4. *Our Spare Time.* (Papers and books we read). Col. 4:5.

5. *Our Amusements.* 1 Cor. 8:13. (Read M. E. Discipline.)

6. *Our money.* Prov. 3:9. (our luxuries, if we have them) as autos, etc.

7. *Our homes,* even though they may be but a single room. John 14:23. If we marry we must be careful of our alliances. 2 Cor. 6:14.

8. *Our Business-life.* Rom. 12:11.

9. *The Company we keep.* Prov. 1:10, 4:14, 15; 13:20. His use of our lives will glorify them and help others.

Song—"All, yes all I give to Jesus."

MONDAY NIGHT BIBLE CLASS TALKS.

Subjects of talks, in Monday Night Class, showing at how many points she touched their daily lives:

"Patient Continuance in the Christian Race, Despite all Tumbles or Discouragements," "Doing Good to Others," "Hardening Our Spiritual Muscles by Resisting Temptation," "Reading Good Books, and Singing Good Songs," "Questionable Amusements," "Sabbath Observance," "Giving," "The Lord's Supper," "Baptism," "The Church," "The Value of the Old Testament as Shown in the New," "Grow," "Time," "Fruit of Lips," "Thoughts," "Be Steadfast," "Fault Finding," "The Joy of the Lord," "The Christian Pathway—a Bird's-eye View."

"In the School of Christ"

(Taught Aug. 8th, 1910.)

Matt. 21:14-17; Mark 11:17-19;
Luke 19:47-48; Luke 21:37-38.
The doings of the Monday of Passion Week.

1. Cleansing the Temple (last week).

2. Helping the sick bodies, Matt. 21:14. Just like him! The temple is a good place to bring troubled ones.

3. Teaching their minds. Luke 19:47-48, Mark 11:17, Matt 21:15-17, Ps. 8:2, Luke 21:37-38.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with Him then."

What would it have been to be able to hear that last week's precious teachings? But *He is still teaching* and *I may enter his school.* Matt. 11:29.

1. *What is necessary to make a school?*

A building we generally think, and *we have it here* in the great, beautiful, wonderful world,—*the greatest* university building that ever was. Gen. 1:31.

Our individual class rooms may be our church. It is not necessary to be *in* a church. It was said of an eminent teacher that being with him on a log, made a university. But it assists greatly to be in the great school system. Luke 5:16. The disciple should not be above his Lord. Heb. 10:35.

2. *The most important of all is the teacher,* and *we have the best one any heart could desire.* John 14:28.

Luke 11:13, *and just for the asking,—who will see us all the way through. No change of teachers.* Matt. 28:20, John 14:16.

3. *The scholar.* The school is *free* to all, but certain conditions are insisted upon. The pupil does not have to already know it all, or be brilliant, or like to study, but he must be:

(a) Willing to abide by the hard rules. John 7:17, John 14:23.

(b) Willing to try to learn—and that includes not getting discouraged because we sometimes fail. If we spend our time in play, we will never see our graduation. "Life is real." Is. 1:19, I Cor. 10:17. Otherwise a scholar puts *himself* out even *before* he is expelled. I Sam. 12:14-15, I Sam. 15:23. Are we scholars in His school?

In the School of Christ

(Continued Aug. 15, 1910.)

Review last lesson.

1. SCHOOL.

2. TEACHER.

3. SCHOLAR. CONDITIONS: *Willing to obey. Willing to try to learn;* not spending all of life in play, and not giving up because we miss an example. I John 2:1, or even have to repeat a grade. Jer. 3:22.

4. COURSE OF STUDY. *Certain branches are prescribed* for us, and we are to try to master them, even though we may not take to them naturally. Eph. 6:13.

(a) *Language.*

1. God plans that His children shall be able to *speak.* A deaf mute is a sorry sight in God's kingdom. I Peter 3:15.

2. God teaches also to *read,*—put right meanings into what is written. He who calls "l-o-v-e," "cruelty," has not learned his reading lesson right. Jer. 29:11, Rom. 8:28.

3. God wants us too, to know how to *write.* 2 Cor. 3:3. I write something on every heart I touch. Am I a good penman?

4. The speech we use is to be judged by the grammatical rules of Heaven. Phil. 1:27 (fc). We must put away the old incorrect speech, for it isn't the Christ-like tongue. Eph. 4:22-27-29-31-32. Henceforth, corruption, profanity, lying, angry and bitter words, and back-biting are to be things of the past. We are to learn here the language that will make us feel at home in Heaven. The sign language fits the deaf mutes simply for communication with each other. Now they teach them to *speak* the tongue of the world into which they must go. So we should study the *language of Heaven* and become accustomed to its use here and now. Hal. 3:16. The Lord gives *a prize for excellence* in this branch. Ps. 50:23.

(b) *Arithmetic*—the science of numbers. God wants us to learn. *Addition.* 2 Peter 1:5-7. *Subtraction.*. Is. 1:16,

1Pet. 5:7 (care). *Multiplication.* 2 Cor. 9:8-10. *Division.* 2 Tim. 2:15. *Interest.*. Matt. 19:29, Matt. 13:23. . *Proportion.* Matt. 16:26.

(c) *Geography.* In the geographies of five or six hundred years ago, there would be no America at all. It was to them then an unknown land, and those geographies are of no use to us today. So, the geographies of earth teach of no Heaven-land, but God's Book shows it to us as really existing, the same as America existed then. John 14:2. Rev. 21:1-4.

(d) *History.* All histories written long ago are but laughing stocks now, when we read their theories of creation (Illus.). But the old record of Gen. 1:1 stands today more respected than ever. The study of history gives connected views of the development of events, and so does the study of God's History. Ps. 119:90.

Let us start in to get a thorough education. Is. 48:17-18.

"In the School of Christ"

(Continued Aug. 22, 1910.)

REVIEWS

1. School.
2. Teacher.
3. Scholar.
4. Course of Study.

5. TEXT BOOKS. Before any *book,* is the education obtained from:

(a) *Asssociation with the teacher.* We instinctively breathe in many things from our associations. (Illus.) Just to be under some people is a liberal education. Col. 2:6-7. What better training than that received while walking with Jesus daily?

(b) *His Own Word.* 2 Tim. 2:15; 3:14-17. No other study like that, and it should be daily, then we are safe-guarded against many errors.

(c) *His Own World.* "Where'er I am, where'er I

move, I meet the object of my love." If we but keep our eyes open, everything w see may teach us splendid lessons, e.g.:

1. *The Heavens.* Ps. 19:1-2. Show us His majesty, and whisper to us of even more substantial things. Is. 51:6.

2. *The Ocean* gives us a picture of the unenviable restlessness of the wicked heart. Is. 57:20-21, and his ability to quiet it. Ps. 89:9.

3. *The immovable rocks* show us how worthy of our trust is our God, who calls Himself our *Rock.* Ps. 62:2 (El Capitan).

4. *The mountains* repeat the same lesson. Ps. 125:1-2.

5. *The winds* teach us the reality of some things which we cannot see or understand. John 3:8.

6. *The rainbow* teaches us a lesson of trust and hope. Gen. 9:13-15.

7. *The trees* teach us the importance of keeping in vital touch with the water of life. Ps. 1:2-3.

8. *The birds and flowers,* Matt. 6:26-28-30-33, teach us not to worry.

9. *The animals* about us should condemn every rebellious heart. Is. 1:23, John 10:4.

10. *Some of the wild animals* teach us that God can make us able to keep our footing even over the rocky, slippery places. Hab. 3:19.

So may our eyes be opened to see.

"In the School of Christ"

(Continued Aug. 29, 1910.)

(d) His Own Work. Luke 17:14, John 7:17. We must not wait till we know how, before we try to do—we will learn *in the doing,* e.g., office holding, Sunday school teaching and testimonies.

(e) Life's Happenings to us, Matt 4:1. Temptation itself is a wonderful schooling, if we determine to study its lessons. Jas. 1:12, I Cor. 10:13, Heb. 12:10-11. Life's trials

teach us many things we would never learn otherwise. Rom. 8:28.

6. Final Examinations. Rom. 14:12, Rev. 22:12.

7. The Graduation for *all who go through* (not for quitters). Rev. 14:13, Rev. 2:10, Matt. 25:21.

White Robes. Rev. 3:4-5.

Diplomas. 2 Tim. 5:7-8.

It will be a real Commencement Day. Rev. 7:9-17, Rev. 21:7, Rev. 22:5.

Let us be sure our names are among the graduates. Rev. 21:27, Rev. 22:17.

Mark 12:41. Luke 21: 1- 4.

How To Give

Outline of the last Bible Reading Mrs. Burch was able to give at the Monday Night Class, March 6, 1911. That week she lost her voice and was not able to attend again.

Jesus is interested in the collections. He watches not *what* men give but *how*. The spirit of every act is always what He notes.

It is a splendid sight to see the rich give liberally, but sometimes those who are able to give lavishly, look slightingly upon those who can give but little.

Ver. 42. A widow threw in two mites, each worth one-eighth of a cent,—the smallest coin in circulation. Probably she blushed at the smallness of the gift. Many would have given nothing rather than so little.

Ver. 43, 44. Jesus would preach a telling sermon now. We are taught to give. Heb. 13:16.

What is to be the spirit? Ex. 35:5, 21, 22, 29. Willing. Cheerful. 2 Cor. 9:7. (Illus. "Only a *little* bite.")

Read vow which is taken by every Methodist on joining the church.

(Page 75, Probationer's Hand-book) Detail the church Benevolences; page 29, Probationer's Hand-book).

God's plan for giving. Mal. 3:10—Tithing. Prov. 3:9, 10. First fruits.

1 Cor. 16:2. On First day—as god hath prospered him.

What is true liberality? Mere money gift? 1 Cor. 13:3.

2 Cor. 8:13-15. Proportionately. (Gifts of the poor are expected and respected.)

"The measure of a gift lies not in the largeness of the gift, but in the largeness of the love and sacrifice it expresses; not the size of the gift, but the cost to the giver; not the number of the sheaves, or of the measures of fruit, but the love and gratitude and faith that fills them, and in that great day when we present our fruits at the judgment seat, some large sheaves will grow larger by that measure, and some will shrink into a handful of half-grown stalks; and pebbles which the gatherer blushes to present as the only fruit from barren fields, will grow into gems and gold; homely plants will be transformed into blossoms of Paradise; and the widow's mite will become a harp of gold, and a handful of grain become the seed of the Tree of Life." (Peloubet).

2 Cor. 8:7. Abound in this grace.

Heb. 6:10. God will not forget.

(This was the last time she was able to be out.)

SUBJECTS OF SOME OF HER PRAYER MEETING TALKS GIVEN AT VARIOUS TIMES.

"Daily Strength for Daily Needs," "Encouragements," "Peace," "Fruit Bearing," "God Able to Multiply," "Our Refuge," "Why," "God's Call," "What Jesus is to His Followers," "Faithfulness," "How to Study the Bible," "Hold Fast," "In the World But Not Of It," "How God Protects His Own," "Study to Show Thyself Approved," "What Can We Do for Jesus?" "Conversation," "The Christmas Riches," "Doors."

Her Poems

A JINGLE FOR JOHN.

The following poetic letter was written to one of the absent boys in Mexico upon his birthday:

REMEMBER, I remember,
When first I knew our John,
Near five eventful years ago,
When he was green and young,
He came into my Sunday class
And cast his fortune in
With all the jolly "We Boys"
Who had started out to win.

I remember, I remember,
Not two months afterward,
December second, Ninety-three,
The voice of God was heard
In tones as sweet as mother's voice,
"Come unto me and rest.
I'll bear your burden, heal your sin,
Do all things for the best."

I remember, I remember,
The brightened eye and face
When our boy John could say at last,
"I'll not reject his grace.
Alone that night I settled it,
And to Him then I gave
My time, my self, my all, and now
I trust that He does save."

I remember, I remember,
The days that followed then
With many, many ups and downs,
But a steady upward trend.
Temptation followed trial,
But a Heavenward look each hour
Brought courage for discouragement
And broke the tempter's power.

I remember, I remember,
The letters first so gay
Took on a bluer, homesick shade
As the months flew day by day.
But never you mind. The lane is long
That has no upward turn,
And some day brighter suns will shine
And John his lessons learn.

Some day we'll all remember
As we look adown the past,
The many crooked pathways
And the falls so thick and fast.
As we see the love of Jesus,
Our truest friend so dear,
We'll bless His name for blotting out
The sins committed here.

He knows the disappointments,
He knows each sad heart's ache.
He knows how easy looks the road
The careless worldlings take.
He knows our true hearts' longings
Nor ever chides His own,
But says, "Obey me, darling one,
Light's for the righteous sown."

"I've never failed you, have I?
I've never left you lone.
Can't you trust me as your mother dear
In the long past days has done?
She's now an overcomer,
And is watching for her boy
To tread the steps she once has trod
And multiply her joy.

"For e'en in Heaven 'tis possible
To add to dear one's joys.
And what's so sweet for mother hearts
As victory for her boys?
'Tis God who giveth victories,
And this your birthday night
May see you clasped in Father's arms
Enveloped in His might."

So, in the blessed days to come,
When trials all are past,
And Mother, "We Boys," friends, and all
Are gathered home at last,
We'll all be glad we stood the storm
Be glad we turned our face
Toward Heaven, the land, where sunsine is—
The prize at the end of life's race.

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Oct. 15, 1898.

Memories

Later another letter in verses of similar nature was written to one of our soldier boys in the far away Philippines after his re-enlistment, in '91.

REMEMBER, I remember,
Six years ago this May
There came into our Epworth League
A boy unused to pray.
He was a chubby, black-eyed lad
From Christian mother's knee,
But wild of way and stout of will
He wanted to be free.

I remember, I remember,
That on the same May night
This chubby, black-eyed sinning boy
Commenced to do the right.
With all his heart he prayed the prayer
That's never answered "nay"
And then 'mid shouts of gladdest joy
He found Heaven's narrow way.

I remember, I remember,
That as the days rolled by,
The buds and blossoms turned to fruit
Before our thankful eye.
God's sanctifying grace was found
The fruit more luscious grew
Till many a weary traveler
Felt life begin anew.

"WE BOYS"
Most of the Class in 1904.

I remember, I remember,
The earnest words of prayer
The stirring, heartfelt pleadings warm
With sinners everywhere.
And no one better knew the Lord
And none brought Heaven more near.
At work, at school, at home, at church,
No one was loved more dear.

I remember, I remember,
That sunny day in June
When first we heard the startling words,
"I'm going to leave you soon.
My country's voice is calling me,
I hear and must obey.
I'm now a full-fledged soldier boy,
Tomorrow I'm away."

I remember, I remember,
That farewell Tuesday night,
When such a crowd of jolly folks
Made parting moments bright.
I can hear e'en now "God bless you's."
Can see the telltale tears,
Can feel the last warm clasp of hand
The last for "two long years."

I remember, I remember,
The letters we read through,
And how we grasped each message warm
And thanked God he was true.
We heard the light was shining bright
In the tent across the wave,
And we blessed our Heavenly Father's power
To keep as well as save.

I remember, I remember,
There came the mustering out.
And we looked and longed and waited then
For the comer who came not.
"I'll serve once more," his letter said.
We asked each other "Why?"
But could only wait and wonder still
As the months crept slowly by.

I remember, I remember,
The letters lost their ring.
We missed the happy words of trust
That each one used to bring.
Oh, can it—can it ever be
That one whom Christ so loved
Could turn his back, deny his Lord,
When he His grace has proved?

Oh, yes, we read that Peter bold,
Who meant to be so true, . .
Denied the One he loved the best
And pierced The Loved Heart through.
But did his Lord disown him then?
The story sweet is told
Each sinning heart may be restored
To friendship as of old.

O weary, restless wanderer,
God has not you forgot.
He calls, "Come home my sinning one,
My latch string's always out.
My arms are now extended wide,
Come as in days of yore.
Lay down your head on Father's breast
And let us talk it o'er.

"Give up the ways that grieve my heart,
Forsake the last dark sin,
And I will glad assurance give
And let the sunshine in.
Like Peter in the days of old,
I'll with my spirit fill
Till other hearts shall Heaven find
Because *you* do My will."

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

March 10, 1901.

MRS. J. D. BURCH IN 1904

My Boys

(Selected and adapted by Mrs. J. D. Burch.)

"The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."—Gen. 48, xvi.

Looked from one to another's face
Of the lads I was circled by:
"Does nobody pray for my precious boys,
Does nobody pray but I?"

Then there came a voice from Heaven above,
And soft and clear it fell:
"Lo! every one by Jesus Christ
Is named in prayer as well."

I thought of their sorely tempted lives,
And tears fell silently;
"Does nobody weep for my boys as well,
Does nobody weep but I?"

And I thought how the Lord had trod the earth,
And I thought of the tears He shed,
And I know that He wept o'er everyone
Of the souls for whom He bled.

Some crossed the seas into foreign lands,
And I heaved a heavy sigh;
"Does nobody think of the boys out there,
Does nobody think but I?"

Then I hushed the words ere they reached my lips,
For I knew that everywhere,
On the lower deck or in barrack rooms,
The Saviour would be near.

I yearned over some who seemed loved by none,
And I sadly wondered why;
And I said, "Does nobody love my boys,
Does nobody love but I?"

Then I thought of the love which died for them,
And was greater far than mine,
For the love I love was only a part
Of that *wondrous* love divine.

So I leave my boys with my loving Lord,
They are not *my boys,* but His;
If He bid me work for Him and them,
I will praise His name for this.

If He bid me only to wait and pray,
I will trust His boundless love,
And the boys I have loved with Him on earth
I shall one day meet above.

ANOTHER PICTURE OF MRS. BURCH
Taken in 1904.

(*Each Christmas season of recent years Mrs. Burch would remember her boys with a Christmas greeting in the form of a leaflet or folder, bearing her picture and an original poem of helpful verses, written for the occasion. They follow hereafter:*)

The New Year—1908

HEY say that the Old Year is dying;
The sands in the hour-glass run low,
The record we've kept of each moment
Stands nearly completed. And so
We are glancing aback o'er its pages,
The mistakes now stand out with a glare.
Our sins— the dark blots—are so many
And the beautiful deeds are so rare.

And what shall we do with the Old Year?
Its story can ne'er be untold.
We've all used indelible pencils,
And written with characters bold,
There's no way to change what's recorded,
But the greatest, best Lover of men
Stands ready to say, "I forgive you;
Take heart and begin new again."

Then what may we do with the New Year?
Its pages have yet not a stain.
Shall we not by his grace hourly given,
Strive to have them all spotless remain?
He knows just how quickly we blunder,
But He's ready to help, for He's near.
Let us partners become and there'll follow
A bright and a Happy New Year.

Mrs. J. D. Burch.

A MEETING WITH FORMER PRESIDENTS AND VICE-PRESIDENTS OF THE CLASS
Mr. and Mrs. Burch in center.

Prayers For "We Boys"

EACH night as I kneel at my bedside
And oftentimes during the day,
Dear faces coming trooping before me
Some sober, some careless, some gay.—
The faces of those in young manhood
Astir in the struggle of life,
Assailed by a thousand temptations
And often alone in the strife.
I follow them out in the conflict;
I tremble when evil comes near;
I smile when I hear of their triumphs;
And sometimes I brush off a tear;
But I'm praying that in the tomorrow,
When we meet in the last grand review,
"We Boys" may be found with the victors
Who unto the end have been true.

MRS. J D. BURCH.

Jan. 1, 1909.

A New Years's Greeting

HAS the year brought you all that you hoped for,
When its first streak of dawn tinged the sky?
Have you done all the good deeds you planned for,
When the first of the New Year drew nigh?
Have your hands been as full as you promised,
Of the works that reflect Heaven's light?
Has your heart been as true as you pledged Him,
When the very first day looked so bright?

Say you no? Ah, I feared such the answer,
But another New Year's at the door.
Shall we waste precious hours looking backward,
With sighs and regrets—and no more?
Say you no! For the future that's dawning,
Will rich blessings untold bring this way,
And numberless doors will swing open,
With the breaking of every new day.

Then breathing a prayer for forgiveness,
And forgetting mistakes of the past,
Forgetting the sad disappointments,
That often come in thick and fast,
Reach forth for the Father's best blessings,
Press onward toward faith's better days,
And the New Year that's coming will surely
Shine brightly on all of your ways.

Jan. 1, 1910.

Mrs. J. D. Burch.

Christmas Blessings

EVER were richer blessings,
Than wait at your door today.
Never were sweeter love-notes,
Than the Father sends your way.

Never was earth drawn closer,
To Heaven's beating heart.
Never more clear the whisper,
"My child, do thou thy part."

Listen to Love's sweet story,
Open the heart's door wide,
Let the peace from above enfold you,
And come within to abide.

Then other hearts will be brightened,
By the light from your life shining clear,
And the Giver of Christmas will crown you
With blessings each day of the year.

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Jan. 1, 1911.

GREETINGS.

(*Written for "We Boys" Banquet, held at Hotel Mt. Washington, May 19th, 1911.*)

OUR teacher sends greetings to each one
Assembled so near heaven tonight.
With mind's eye I'll follow your doings,
So you can't hide away from my sight.
I'll see you mount skyward so slowly
Till lights of the city draw near.
I'll watch you alighting so gaily,
And within the hotel disappear.

And then come the primpings and crimpings.
(*I know*, for you see I've been there.)
Till out to the tables so dainty
By twos and by fours disappear.
I can see the good things disappearing
And can hear the chit chat all so free.
Will some of you put on your menu
A good, round, sweet mouthful for me?

The toasts will, of course, be most brilliant
And carry you off to the skies,
But at the last word I can see you
Come back to the earth with great sighs.
For the last car-bell rings at the doorway,
And the girls must get home before sun.
Best wishes, "We Boys" and your ladies!
Next year *I* may share in your fun.

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Her Letters

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A FRIEND ON THE SUBJECT OF SOCIALS.

Feb. 16th, 1897.

THIS morning some one told me that you were very much displeased because the League was planning a social for Thursday night, and I could not help feeling a little sorry that it was so. If you think that you could not attend a social and honor the Lord in so doing, as a Christian you ought *never* to go unless you changed your mind; and of course I honor you for living up to your better judgment. But now will you just listen a minute till I tell you the way I look at such things? I may be mistaken, and I may see things differently some day, and then I expect to change my course, by His grace.

You and I are in this world to help to save it and make it better, and there are a great many things that lead up to that result. All people cannot be led to know the Lord in the same way. In I Cor. 9:19-23, Paul tells how he became "All things to all men that he might by all means save some"—not that he went into sin, but that he used all means that were lawful to place himself in a position where he could influence men. We have a very skillful enemy, we all know, who uses every possible means to drag souls down, and the disciples were told in going out on their mission of love to be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves" (Matt. 10:16).

Now, when the dear Lord was here, He encouraged social life, I think. He went to the wedding festivities and feasting of a friend in Cana (John 2) and also was more than once seen at social feasts gotten up for Him by even unchristian friends, so that he Himself was criticised by the strict Jews be-

cause He entered into social life with the "publicans and sinners" (Matt. 9:10-12); Mark 2:15-17; Luke 5:29; Matt. 11:18-19). In His last wonderful prayer in the 17th of John, He prayed "Not that they might be taken out of the world, but that they might be kept from the evil (v. 15).

The good Lord who created us made us social beings, and we must have some social life or our characters will not be round and all sided as He intended. Young people will have social life somewhere, and if the church will not furnish it, the devil steps in only too glad of the chance. In Luke 16:8, Jesus says that the "Children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," and I believe that is very largely true today. We must not limit our endeavors to one line of effort alone. I believe that our social life can, directly or indirectly, be made to win souls for God. As a general thing we cannot influence those with whom we are not acquainted, and how are we to get acquainted? Those of us who go to prayer meeting meet each other there, but what about those who never come to such places and who yet might attend a social? I do not believe in deserting the socials to the worldly ones, but it seems to me that every one of us who love the Lord and serve Him with all our hearts should go to them after an earnest season of prayer and ask God to help us to have a good influence over those who attend. You don't know how many chances come up to invite strangers to our League services and shake their hand so cordially that they feel that they would like to attend meetings where they learn to shake hands like that. Then there are the lonely ones who have only a little bare room, with no one to say a kind word. The saloon and all other places of sin are open at all times, but perhaps they do not want to go there. They may not be Christians and so might be afraid of a prayer meeting, but a social they might attend. Now is our chance and if we neglect it, who is responsible? Oh, how many times have I given invitations to League and Sunday school class at those places. And I could never have had the chance anywhere else. You have heard me say sometimes,

"Just to know some people is an invitation to go to Heaven," but how are we going to let folks get acquainted with us if we don't give them a chance? Someway, I believe that a great many people (if we let them love us) will be drawn to the Savior we love, but how are they to love us if we don't let them get near us? I do not believe there is anything wrong in a good time or a hearty laugh. If so, why did God make all nature to sing and play and enjoy life? Our social nature is one of the good gifts of God, just as much as our spiritual nature and I believe we should develop it *to His glory,*—all of it to help somebody; and the warm, cheery, social, and spiritual religion is the kind that makes the world feel "I would like a religion like that." Do you know, sometimes I think that our great enemy, where he sees that he cannot make people err on the side of sin, will try to have them swing too far over the other way, so as to lessen their influence for good if he can. I truly believe that my work in League and Sunday school could never have been anything like what it has been if I had been unwilling to mingle in social life with those who are in need of Jesus. I do not believe my Sunday school class would contain more than half the number it does, if I had held myself above their social natures. All good, clean fun and recreation helps to lengthen our lives, too.

Now I am not upholding some few things that crept into our socials some time ago. I regretted them as much as anyone did, but the League was not responsible. More care was needed and is being now exercised, I believe, and I feel like saying "God bless our socials!"

Brother, these words may not at all change your opinion, but even though you may not feel that you could do God's will and sanction our social life, you'll trust me that there are some of us who seek to serve God and win souls (though in a more indirect way) there as much as at League service. Today I was speaking to an old pastor of ours who was visiting in the city, and as this subject was on my mind, I mentioned it to him. He is one that has known the Lord more intimately than

I have ever done, and one who is baptized with the Holy Ghost. He said that he felt after a long experience that "social life was a necessity in the church, for we can be such help to one another when we know each other and then if we, who are the Lord's, don't furnish clean social life to our youth, the devil will." I know many good people do not approve of them, but just as many do, and we must each decide for ourselves what we can do to the glory of God, and then He will bless us as we do what we feel to be His will. I feel the importance of this side of church life so much, for in my opinion, many a young man and woman has been lost to God and His church because His people were not "wise as serpents" and did not get their first hold on them there when they could have been reached.

I have not written these lines to persuade you to come to the social, but to show you that some folks can go with prayers in their hearts to there honor the dear Savior's name. It may be possible that we are not social enough rather than too social. All fish are not caught with the same bait.

You'll take this letter in the loving spirit in which it is sent, I am sure, and remember me as always and ever.

Yours in His service.

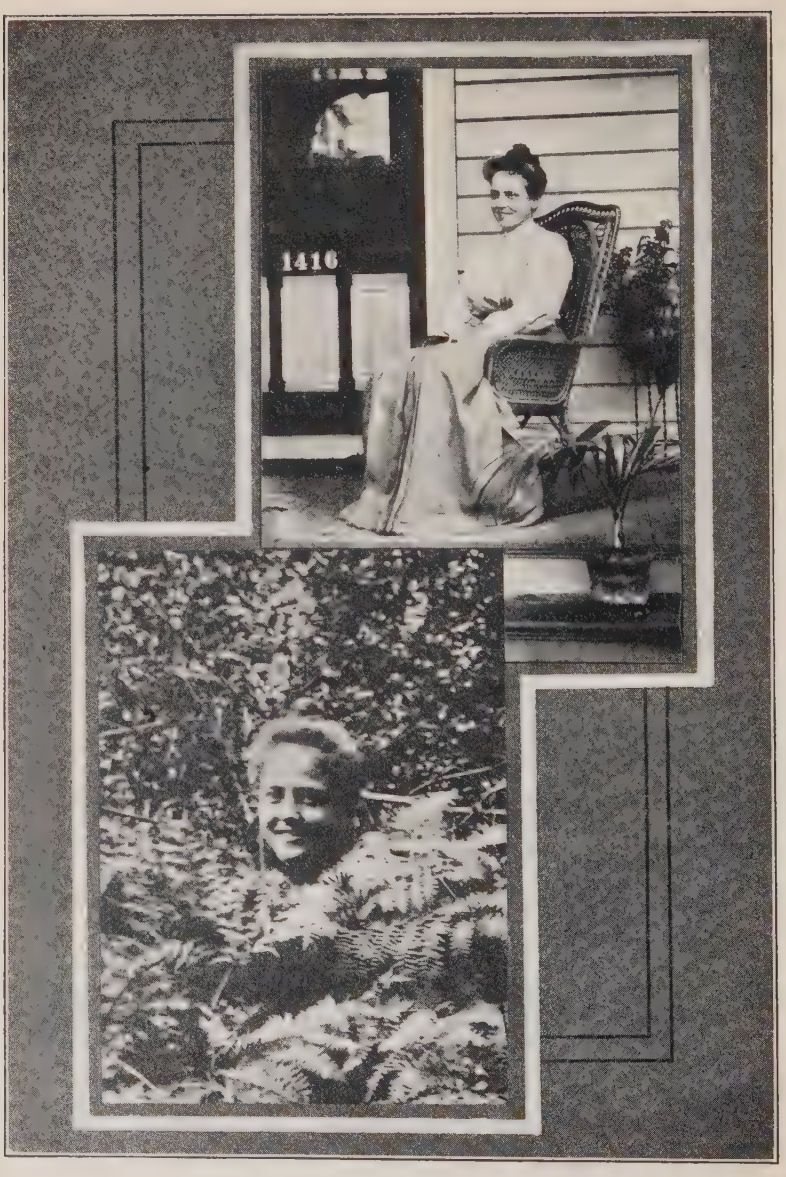
Mrs. J. D. Burch.

A Vacation Lesson

First written to her class when on a mountain vacation, afterward rearranged and published in Epworth Herald as follows:

N THE canyons of California and along the courses of the creeks, grows quite profusely in many places the poison oak. There is no more beautiful foliage anywhere than this same dangerous, poisonous, deceptive plant.

At the first the leaves are a shiny green, but in the summer they turn to the genuine autumn hues—and when you



SNAP SHOTS

remember that California has no real "autumn leaves," you may begin to see how very attractive appears this glossy and brilliant leafage.

Most people are not affected by the presence of the plant, but occasionally there is one who must not venture near, for fear of the consequences. When picked or bruised, the poison seems most effective.

While on a vacation trip recently to Carter's Camp, Sierra Madre, a delightful, quiet, wooded retreat less than a score of miles from the busy city of Los Angeles, I picked up a good lesson that I want to pass along.

Some city folks were out for a holiday, and one man, who had been off rambling over the hills, returned with a strikingly beautiful bouquet of bright red leaves. I could see the crimson of the foliage through the trees, as he came to his party of friends and cried triumphantly, "Oh, see what I've found." Immediately there were a half dozen cries of "Throw it away! *It's poison oak!*" The man needed not another word. It was thrown away in all its beauty—just as far as he could throw it, although he added, "I'm not afraid of it." Every little while, all the rest of the day, I could hear them mockingly call him "Tenderfoot."

And then I fell to thinking. Perhaps not one of that company would have suffered if they had kept their pretty bouquet, but nobody was willing to *run any chances;* so it was sacrificed without a sigh or regret. Oh! If we were only as cheerfully unselfish when weightier questions are at stake! Wouldn't the world be a safer place to live in?

There are so many things that we feel—or at least try to convince ourselves—do not hurt *us.* They are so delightful! What harm could possibly come from them? Could any one be hurt by *our* indulgence? Let us, in the midst of our questionings, stop long enough to ask ourselves this: If I should by my love of this world's questionable pretty things encourage a weaker one to take the first step back toward the

old life of self indulgence and sin and coming death, who would be responsible? Would I?

Paul may never have seen any poison oak, but once upon a time he said something like this: "If attractive things, that seem so harmless and really give so much geninue pleasure, conceal within their beauty a possibility of harming my own soul or another's, I—for one—will not handle them. Never! No, never! I cannot afford to take the chance."

Have you learned Paul's lesson from the poison oak?

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Recent Letters to Her Class

MANY interesting letters were written by Mrs. Burch to her class during her illness, only a few of which seem to have been preserved. From the most recent we have selected those written to her class after the last lesson that she taught on March 5th: On the following Sunday, March 12th, she was present for the last time but unable to speak above a whisper so did not teach, but made an announcement concerning the work of Hugh Cynn, our "We Boys" missionary in Korea. After this day she sent a letter each Sunday to the class.

Sunday A. M., March 19, 1911.

My Dear Class:

On account of the condition of my throat, it seems to be the wise thing this morning for me to stay at home. Last Sunday we passed subscription papers to assist our fellow-member, Hugh Cynn, as he leaves us for missionary work in Korea. Will you pass the same papers today—just now—and let those who were absent last Sunday, and who wish to have a share in this work, put down their names, for we want Hugh to take with him this list, to encourage him, when he thinks that our interest is back of him.

We hope you will all try to be out to "We Boys" meeting next Tuesday night, for it means so much to sustain the in-

terest there. Oh! how much I wish I could be out this morning and lay on a few stripes to the back of King Alcohol; but I shall hope that you young men may be so inspired by the morning lesson that you will be more eager than ever before to *down the liquor business every time you get half a chance.* May the Father's blessing rest upon you.

Yours loving teacher,

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 8th, 1911.

My Dear Sunday School Class:

If you want to see a beautiful collection of birthday post cards, you ought to see the ones that reached me this week. They were of the most beautiful variety and came laden with all kinds of good wishes and have been very greatly enjoyed.

Until you become a shut-in as I have been, you may not be able to appreciate the pleasure that comes from just a little post card. I want to thank every one that remembered me so kindly.

For nearly three weeks I have been flat upon my back in bed. I am getting slowly better and am virtually out of pain and trying to pull up again to health and strength. I am still very, very weak and not able to see very many people and those but a few moments at a time, but I am hoping before many weeks to be much better.

I thank you all for your expressions of interest and love, your cards of cheer and the bright flowers that have found their way to my bedside and have helped to shorten the days.

Your friend and teacher,

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Los Angeles, Cal., April 15th, 1911.

My Dear Boys:

I am able to see a few callers, and surely appreciate the acts of kindness which so many of you have shown.

I was delighted with the new members received last Sunday, and like an old war horse I wish I was in the middle of the fray. You may never know how much good you can do by inviting some young man to the influence of our class. Keep it up.

This blessed Easter day ought to mean more to us than any Easter day before, and Christ Himself ought to mean more to us as a real living Christ in our lives to help us in the overcoming of temptation.

My best wish for you is that this Easter day may bring each one of you nearer to real victory than ever before.

Your friend and teacher,

MRS. J. D. BURCH.

Saturday P. M., May 20th, 1911.

My Dear Class:

Now that the membership contest and banquet are both over, we can't help asking the question, "What next"? The past few weeks have made splendid history, and now what do you say to continuing it? The first volume needs a second to complete it. Shall each one of us resolve that we will put into it our part—and *then some?*

In the contest just closed, no doubt everyone of you invited to the class some young man who did not come. Many of them promised faithfully to be out last Sunday, but you hurt your eyesight looking for them. Some of you felt discouraged when they did not come at your first invitation, but there is no need for that. Don't let a single one of them rest without a second invitation—and a third, and some more on top of them, if necessary. Many of them never heard of our class before, and are really inclined to come, if they feel that you yourselves are interested enough to make it worth the while. Keep the trail warm. Run in to see them during the week. It sometimes takes but a little influence to direct a young man in the right way—when he is very near to the wrong.

And may I say a word to the new members who yet feel like strangers in a strange land. Don't wait very long for the old members to hug you to their hearts. You have no idea how many others are as strange as you. Begin at once to do *your part* toward getting acquainted and I can promise you, you won't be long a stranger. Let all put their shoulders to the wheel, and eternity only will tell how many young men may be won.

With hopes for continually improving health on my own part, I remain,

Your friend and teacher,

Mrs. J. D. Burch.

Her Last Letter

Sunday A. M., June 18th, 1911.

My Dear Class:

I've been wondering if there might not be some of you who have not been out to see me, who would still be interested to hear how their teacher is getting along.

Long, long before this, I had hoped to be able to look in your faces, but I am still, after three months, not able to take a single step except with the aid of crutches. To say that it is a disappointment is but putting it mildly. However, I have been delighted to see how both new and old members have been rallying to the standard and keeping up the numbers in the class. In the summer they are harder to keep up than in the winter time, but you are doing *nobly* indeed.

In closing, I would like to say that I would be delighted to have every one of you, new members, as well as old, drop in to see me some time. I can't come to you, but most of you could come to me, and I'd be glad to see you.

My love and interest are yours always.

Your friend and teacher,

Mrs. J. D. Burch.

The Last Two Lessons

THE many excellent lessons taught and addresses given by Mrs. Burch were seldom written out in full by her, but carefully prepared in her own mind, and spoken from abbreviated outlines.

Outline of Sunday school lesson taught by Mrs. J. D. Burch to her class of "We Boys," Feb. 26, 1911.

Subject of Lesson: Elijah meets Ahab in Naboth's vineyard.

Golden Text: "Take heed and beware of covetousness."

Read whole chapter.
Center?
Other?
Story.
Was Naboth right?
Was Naboth wise?
How bear disappointment?
Like spoiled baby!
Gratification of one desire,
What *vineyard* really cost.
Covetousness?
Cause? Cure?
Forms of dishonesty.
Games.
Not pay bills.
Time employer pays for.
Forgery.
Theft. (Nothing safe.)
Graft.
Bribery.
Grinding faces of poor.
Rob widows.
Pays $3.00 a week.
See results in others.
Cultivate contentment.
Count blessings.
Give heart to God.
Tithe.
Do for others. (Farmer).
Tots taught to share.
Do riches ever satisfy?
Apes—narrow necked bottle.
Your selling price.

The Last Lesson.

Outline of last Sunday School lesson taught by Mrs. J. D. Burch to her class of "We Boys," March 5th, 1911.

This was a beautiful lesson and so impressively taught; how little did she and we realize, and how strangely fitting that it should be her last!

Subject of lesson—Elijah goes up by a whirlwind into heaven.

Golden Text—*"Enoch walked* with *God,* and *he was* not, *for God took him."*

Enoch walked with God.
If we so walk, are ready for life or death.
What character of Elijah?
How approach end.
Illus. end of Christian, calm.
Why urge Elisha to stay behind?
Why did Elisha insist on going?
Friendship of old.
Preparing for promotion.
Last words so precious.
Reason for prayer.
Are prayers any test?
Money.
Sad—think most of.
Big basket.
God sends *best* chariot.
What did whirlwind mean to Elijah?
What did whirlwind mean to Elisha?
What did Elisha do?
Your prayer?

THE LAST PICTURE OF MRS. BURCH AND HER CLASS
Taken on Anniversary Day, July 2, 1911.

The Class Anniversary

ON SUNDAY afternoon, July 2, 1911, being the eighteenth anniversary of the organization and leadership of our class by Mrs. Burch, "We Boys" gathered at the home of our greatly esteemed teacher to honor her, and celebrate with gratitude, and rejoicing, the many happy and successful years of the class's remarkable development, under God's blessing and guidance, and His inspired servant's faithful instruction.

The meeting was pre-arranged with the family but unknown to Mrs. Burch, and of course was a genuine surprise. The boys met on a corner near by and marched in double file to the spacious lawn in the rear of her cottage yard where she sat in her wheel chair. Every young man carried a bouquet of flowers which were showered at her feet as they took her by the hand with cordial greetings and congratulations. She seemed supremely happy. "Well! Well! If this isn't a surprise!" she said. "And Oh what beautiful flowers!" "Who is responsible for this? Your President Madison Marine? Well, he's always doing some nice thing like this. But I tell you I am just as glad to see you as I can be!"

President Marine who had charge of the programme then called on Mr. J. D. Burch to lead in prayer. Brother Burch in his earnest, kind and sympathetic way, thanked our Heavenly Father for our great class and its wonderful influence for good on the lives of young men, and made a touching appeal for God's continual and increasing presence and blessing, to which many young men added a fervent "Amen." "Count your Blessings" and "The Kings Business" were then sung heartily by all, led by Jospeh Marple. The president then called on Mr. Frank Buren to speak on the past work of the class, which he did as follows:

PROMINENT MEMBERS OF "WE BOYS" IN 1907

Mrs. Burch and Fellow Members: I am requested to talk to you a few moments about our past—the history of our class. This for the benefit of the new members. To those who have been with you all or most of the way, Mrs. Burch, there is no need of reciting the events of the past. They are the most vivid and the most pleasant of our memories.

We congratulate you and each other upon this anniversary. We are eighteen today. Many years ago in the old church on Broadway, "We Boys Class" was organized, and you, Mrs. Burch, became its teacher. In numbers they were but a mere half dozen. In years they were real boys. Not men, rapidly approaching middle age, as most of us are today. But what they lacked in numbers and years, they made up in enthusiasm. Under your wise leadership and devout teaching, we have made wonderful progress. We have grown from a mere handful of boys to one of the largest Bible Classes for young men to be found anywhere in our country today. Though our enrollment has passed the two hundred mark, that is but a small per cent of the number that have come under our influence during the intervening years. Former members of our class are to be found in most every country of the world. They practically encircle the globe.

We have been pioneers in the work among young men in the Sunday School. "We Boys Society" was the first organized Sunday School class—that is, the first to have elected officers, constitution and by-laws, and to hold regular business and social meetings, of which we have any knowledge. Since that time many Sunday Schools throughout the country have organized similar classes or societies. Some have adopted our name. Others preferring a name of their own selection, have adopted our plan in all other respects.

It has been something of a disappointment to many of us that our name has not been more generally accepted by other classes. Its selection in the first instance was the result of close ties, a feeling of genuine, intimate fellowship among the

small number comprising the class at that time. Just "We Boys" was then peculiarly appropriate.

Numerous attempts to change this name have been of no avail. Recognizing its limitations as a name for a world wide movement, such a movement as has been our ambition, we have, nevertheless, clung to the old name as something sacred. Time and general usage, however, have been gradually making the change that could not be accomplished by a vote of its membership. Today we are as well known and as often referred to as "Mrs. Burch's Class" as by any other name. Permit me therefore to make this prophecy: The future name of this society, the one that will live after its founders are gone, will contain some reference to or bear in part the name of our dearly beloved leader. It is meet and proper that it should be thus. She has been our inspiration and guide as well as our teacher and friend. The work that she has wrought will live and go on forever. What the name of Frances Willard is to the temperance cause, the name of Mrs. Burch will be to the work in the Sunday School for young men."

The boys all joined in singing "Trust and Obey," and "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

John Pool was then asked to speak of the future of the class. He emphasized the impetus of our moral influence as a class, due to the spiritual power, and wonderful ability of our beloved teacher, which influence would continue to ever increase to greater results for good, and that every seeming obstacle that stood in our way as a religious movement would be but a stepping stone to higher achievements. That "We Boys" would continue to stand for all that is pure in young manhood and become a much greater power in the years to be.

Mrs. Burch was then called upon as she sat in her wheel chair, dressed all in white, her sweet face showing the marks of her illness and suffering that she had so bravely endured, with the mass of blossoms piled all about her, she made an angelic picture that will always live in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present. As her face beamed

with gladness she said, "I am tickled to death to see you all here today. I am greatly pleased with the manner that the class has gone onward and forward during my illness. I look over the names of those in attendance every Sunday and I know when you are absent. There are a lot of new names on the class roll. I know them only by their names though, and I know when they are absent too. I want to get personally acquainted with each one of you.

"The class has certainly progressed this term. Better than when I am there," she said with a smile. "You have all done nobly. Who is it that has made you work so hard?" (a voice, "Madison"). "Yes it is your retiring president. I well remember the next Sunday after he was elected. He came to me resolved to resign, thinking that he lacked the necessary personal power and magnetism to make the boys rally around him. But he held on, and I soon found out that he was making things hum, planning and working for the welfare of the class during his term. Why! here it is way in middle summer- vacation time, and the attendance keeps up splendidly. It is remarkable. Every Sunday you have one hundred and ten or more in attendance. Yes, you have all worked to do it, and it is work that counts.

"I am anxious to be with you again. They tell me I am getting better now. We are planning a rest at Carter's Camp next week, and in the Fall I hope to be back ready for work. Then we will have a big reunion and rally. Last Spring a year ago, we had a reunion but the day was so stormy that many could not get out to it. But this Fall we will hold another and we will try to get every young man out that we possibly can."

Mrs. Burch then reviewed briefly the past 18 years development of the class, telling of the large number who had gone out from the class to be Ministers, Sunday School Superintendents, Missionaries and Evangelists, and others who were leading clean upright lives in every walk of life because of the association with the members of this class. And she continued

to speak in part as follows: "The ideals of our class have always been of the highest, and we are proud of it. I remember one young man who used to say that the mere fact that he met a certain member of the class and shook hands with him, made him feel better and stronger during the day.

"The high standards of the young men of the class are known among the business men of the city. Many a time has some business man called on me for a young man who was a member of the class, to fill a position. There are men in every part of the country and some abroad, who are filling high offices of honor and trust, who were at one time members of the class. The class has been an inspiration to many, and every little while I get a letter from some one telling of the influence it has had in their lives. I have had young men come to me and tell me that they were stronger and better Christians for having come into our midst. The class is just what the members have made it. "We Boys" was the first organized Sunday School Class in Southern California and it has been a source of inspiration to many of the other organized classes. About a year ago our pulpit was filled by one of the leading Ministers of our city. After the services he said to me, 'Are you Mrs. Burch, the teacher of We Boys?' When I told him I was, he said, 'Your class has been an inspiration and encouragement to all our organized Sunday School classes.'

"I am glad to see so many of the old-time members out today. Now you have just elected new officers who will soon take charge, and instead of electing just a plain President, you have elected a King. (laughter). He will be better than a President, for he will be both President and King. (more laughter.) That reminds me—one young man said to me, 'Mrs. Burch, I would consider it a greater honor to be President of We Boys Class than to be President of the United States' (hearty applause.)"

Mrs. Burch then called for Carl King to stand where he could be seen and make a speech. Mr. King expressed his surprise and good feelings with a humorous anecdote, remarking

that, "like the Irishman who was pinched by a crab, he did not know whether he was *bit* or *stung*," after which he thanked the boys for the honor he had received as newly elected President, expressing his intention to work hard for the prosperity of the society and class, continuing,—"There is a great opportunity for us here in this growing city. This fact was forcibly impressed upon me a few Sundays ago while standing in front of the church and seeing the hundreds of young men passing up and down the street. Then to think of the thousands of young men coming to this city from year to year, perhaps from Christian homes, that should be reached before they drift away from church influences. We surely have a great field to work in and should fill our class room each Sunday. It behooves each of us then to do our part in bringing these young men under the influence of our wonderful teacher and association with the members of our class."

This was followed by a quartette of the We Boys, consisting of Robt. Brown, Will McNaughton, Wm. Hunter and B. A. Small, who sang impressively "Wonderful Story of Love" and "My Jesus I love Thee." Joseph Marple led in several songs, after which Don, Irvin and Rufus Fallis sang in trio.

A picture was then taken of the boys with their beloved teacher in the center of the group. This was the last picture she had taken and is considered a priceless treasure by members of the class. This picture appears on an accompanying page. After a few moments of social conversation amid the feeling of merry Christian fellowship each one on departing bade our esteemed teacher a fond farewell with kindly expressions of hope for her recovery. The cheerful words and radiant smile she gave each one, with the gentle good bye hand shake (which later proved to be her last) made impressions that will never be forgotten. It has been well said that had she known that this was her last Sabbath to be spent on earth, she would have desired it just as it was, spent with her class. The next Sabbath found her within the Pearly Gates, where she was welcomed home July 7, 1911.

REV. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE, D. D.
Pastor of First M. E. Church

Funeral Services

THE funeral services for Mrs. Burch were held in the First Methodist Church, the home of her labors, and the place she loved so dearly, on Monday afternoon, July 10, 1911.

The Rev. Charles Edward Locke, D. D., pastor of the church, was in charge. There was an attendance of more than 2500.

Some time before the appointed hour the main floor of the church was filled with hundreds wishing to pay their last tribute to the noble woman beloved by many throughout Southern California, and everywhere. Six beautiful and imposing floral pieces were banked up before the chancel, while a profusion of cut flowers lined the rails to the doors.

Chopin's Funeral March was played impressively by Clyde Collison, as the processional, and marked the entrance of the large class of young men known throughout the world as "We Boys." Two by two they filed to their seats amid a strange calm that settled over the congregation. These sturdy men came with bowed heads to bid farewell to their counselor, and vigilant guardian of their youth.

A quartette of "We Boys" composed of Robert W. Brown, James McIntyre, Frank Knight and Will McNaughton, sang with much feeling,

> "Safe in the arms of Jesus,
> Safe on His gentle Breast."

The pastor, Dr. Locke, then read comforting and appropriate passages from the Scriptures, consisting of a part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, sometimes called "St.

Paul's Resurrection." After reading a goodly portion of this inspiring and hope-giving chapter, he dwelt with particular emphasis on these verses:

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

"Behold, I shew you a mystery! We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corrutpible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in VICTORY.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the VICTORY through our Lord Jesus Christ."

I am reading from Mrs. Burch's own Bible, and I observe as I read, that the word "victory" is underscored in each place, and then in the last verse, she underscores nearly every word of it, as if it came as a message to us from her today:

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

One of the young men of her class, Oscar B. Schurmer, sweetly and impressively sang, "Saved by Grace," one of her favorite songs:

"Some day the silver chord will break,
And I no more as now shall sing,
But, O, the joy when I awake
Within the Palace of my King.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I can not tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—my All in All,
Has now a place in Heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west
My blessed Lord shall say "Well done,"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Savior ope's the gate
My soul to Him may take its flight
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story "Saved by grace."

DR. LOCKE:

"It is a great gratification to our sorrowing friends to have present with us today Dr. Knighten, who was the pastor of this family, when Mrs. Burch, as a little girl nine years of age, went to the altar of prayer and God's spirit ministered to her; and Dr. Will A. Knighten has accepted an invitation to be here and recall the interesting event in the life of our dear departed friend."

DR. KNIGHTEN'S ADDRESS:

"Among the honors of my life, as a minister, I prize this privilege of standing before this great audience to speak of the conversion of this sister of ours.

I think it was the second year after I was admitted to the California Conference when this occurred. After my first appointment on the Orange Circuit, which now constitutes Orange County, I was sent to Ventura, on the Sea Coast—my first station. Shortly after I had been appointed there, there moved into the town the family of Brother Todd. I shall never forget the encouragement they gave us in the church, (we had a

struggling little church) and, I think it was the first Sunday that Brother Todd and his wife united with us. After this we decided to hold a camp meeting on the Santa Clara river, near the spot where Oxnard now stands. It was a small camp meeting, but one of the old style. We had an altar and a "mourners' bench" and all those things that pertain to a regular old fashioned camp meeting. I remember it was Sunday afternoon, after we had held our morning service. It was in the afternoon when there was a quiet restful and delightful atmosphere around us—no excitement. I think Brother Todd's tent was a little in front of the entrance to the altar and some children were playing around outside. The people were sitting in front of their tents and some of them were singing. It occurred to me—I think it was an inspiration, for I do believe sometimes God gives inspirations. I went into the altar and looked around at the people in front of their tents, and called out "if there are any here who want to seek salvation, I offer you an opportunity to meet me now at this place, and we will pray together," and, as I remember, Eva, (her mother was sitting in front of the tent) with her sister and other children were playing around there. All at once, Eva left the rest of the company, and came in a hurry to the altar. She knelt down beside me and I prayed for her, talked and quoted scripture to her. I told her that the Lord was ready to receive her and give her a blessing. As a child, believing in the invitation and promises of Christ "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness" and "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." She accepted instantly and was made happy. It was an instantaneous conversion. She was already beautiful, happy and cheerful in her childhood. Her hair was light; her eyes were brown; her face was radiant with joy. A sweet smile came over her countenance at this moment, and she leaped to her feet, and ran to her mother and put her arms around her neck and said "Oh mamma, I am so happy," I shall never forget this scene. She united with the church and began to work for others. Let me say, that it has been a dem-

onstration to me all these years, as I have watched her in all her work, and her Christian character and life, as to the positive fact of the new birth, and of regeneration. We see the fruits I think today. We recognize the fact, that God has taken possession of her life, and has filled this church and this city, and a large part of this country with the works of her spiritual teaching and her beautiful character. She was called of God to be a soul winner. Her crown will be full of stars.

I congratulate the church on the work she has done, the life she has lived, the virtues she has exemplified and the influence she has left behind in this world, to continue to win hearts and lives to Christ. These are the riches, this is the treasure, of the ministry. As Paul rejoiced in the life and character of his Son in the Gospel, so we rejoice in the beautiful lives of Timothy, of our sister and of our children in the Gospel. I thank God today that whatever mistakes we may make in this world, the influence of his spirit and grace, which works onward and upward in such lives as these, continues through those who are converted by our ministry. Our work never dies.

We hail thee happy; hail thee happy forever! Thou art crowned and immortal; Thou hath reached thy home; and Thou art already called by the Master, to the land of eternal sunshine and of eternal health."

DR. LOCKE:

"At the request of the family, Dr. Brodbeck will now speak concerning the career of Mrs. Burch as a Sunday School worker, and this is most fitting, because from her girlhood she was a teacher in the Sunday School, and from her early childhood a pupil in the school."

DR. BRODBECK'S ADDRESS

Dr. Brodbeck, the faithful Superintendent of First M. E. Sunday School for many years, and widely known, spoke feelingly as follows:

DR. H. W. BRODBECK
Superintendent of First M. E. Church Sunday School.

"I consider this a blessed privilege after eighteen years of association with this noble life. I shall never forget the time in the construction of a greater school, in that period when we needed a teacher for young men, and when after prayers had been offered for a teacher who could take charge of the class and build it up, that Mrs. Burch on the last Sunday of June, eighteen years ago, came back to our city and sat at my table one Sunday noon, at my home. I then told her what we were endeavoring to do in this school, that we were in the constructive period for a greater and more influential school, and that there were possibilities of a class of large numbers from the young men of our city. When I said to her "Mrs. Burch, I can only offer you six now." "Oh," she said gladly, "I will start with the six." So the next Sunday morning, on July 3rd, eighteen years ago, this noble woman undertook that work and you who have been in the church during these years know how faithfully, how lovingly, she has performed her office and duties as a teacher.

I say to you, friends, that I look back over these eighteen years as superintendent in this school, and count myself honored in the associations with this beautiful life.

She has touched many hearts; she has touched many lives. These young men who are here in numbers, and these young women, will testify to the silent influences of her beautiful life. All hail to this beautiful memory; it will never die; never. We may never see on earth her buoyant, cheerful face and countenance lighted up by that smile of hers; but her work remains, and there are young men strong in the faith of Jesus Christ, with characters, that they have obtained through her teaching, that will make strong for righteousness any community in our beautiful Southland.

And now, dear friends, I have a loving tribute from the official board which I desire to present to you at this moment:

"As representatives of the official board of the church we serve, it is difficult to describe through dimmed vision the

light reflected from a life so full of good deeds and noble purpose.

"Like the bubbling springs that follow the dusty ways with proffered cup to quench the thirst of the weary traveler, so a great soul comes to earth to do a special work. To describe the work and genius of our beloved sister is but a candle used that we might see more clearly the brilliant gleam of the great arc light.

"Being endowed richly with a genius for quick perception and promptly improving opportunities for progress, our church has been greatly enriched by her life and presence. She had a gift which characterized her life and enabled her to establish direct relation with each person she met. Her delicate, discriminating sympathy, her keen interest and earnest good will, so went out to every one that they were as a magnetic current lifting their object to a higher plane of living and revealing to him a new purpose in life. In every line of work she saw the Master, for whom she laid down her life, and always found the greatest pleasure in living near God.

"It is difficult at this time to realize our great loss in the death of Mrs. J. D. Burch, or to find suitable expression to the emotions that sway us when one like our faithful co-worker is taken from our earthly vision. Her faith in God typified her faith in humanity, and the possibility of good which she saw in the discouraged, the inexperienced and wayward, marked her a devoted and loyal disciple of our Christ.

"Naturally possessing a cheerful and buoyant spirit, she was the welcomed friend and earnest partaker of congenial associations. Her gentleness and kindness of heart adapted her peculiarly to bring relief to the distressed and comfort to those who sorrowed. Her unyielding firmness in principle made her a safe counselor and leader in the varied church work in which she was engaged.

"The many hundreds whom she could readily call by name will miss the cordial grasp of her hand and godspeed.

"For many years this noble woman has filled, with rare

ability and tact, the position of pastor's assistant. The Monday night class will remember her invaluable leadership and advice on right living. The Epworth league, the Sunday school with its great class, the "We Boys," which she taught so effectively since its organization, the Wednesday night prayer meeting, and in fact every society in the church will mourn their loss.

"But looking straight up to the father, we say 'Thy will be done.' In extending our deepest love and sympathy to our dear Brother Burch in his profound sorrow, and to the other dear ones of her family, may we now dedicate ourselves anew to the service of the Master, and carry on the work she has just laid down.

"Now, therefore, be it resolved: That a copy of this tribute of love and sympathy be spread upon the records, and an engrossed copy thereof be presented to the beloved husband and family, and copies be furnished to the press for publication."

H. W. Brodbeck,
S. P. Mulford,
W. F. Cronemiller,
Committee.

"We Boys" Quartette again sang touchingly:

SOME TIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, some time we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun,
Were over many a cherished plan
Why song has ceased when scarce begun,
'Tis there some time we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Some time with tearless eyes we'll see,
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all thy days;
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way still sing and praise;
Some time—Some time, we'll understand.

DR. LOCKE:

"After this sweet, reassuring song by the 'We Boys' quartette, it is fitting that Mr. John Poole shall speak for the boys of the big class concerning their devotion to their teacher."

MR. JOHN POOLE'S ADDRESS

At this sad but holy moment "We Boys" pay tribute to their departed teacher and lover. Not with inadequate words, but with pure, consecrated lives and with loving, worshipful, though aching hearts.

To us she was not only a teacher; she was our confidante. We knew that our heart secrets with her were sacred; we knew that our temptations and our trials which she so well understood, which she so well knew, were her trials and temptations. We knew that our defeats and disappointments were her defeats and disappointments. We knew that our joys and our successes were her joys and successes.

To us, she was indeed a friend so true. No matter how far we went down, no matter how far we fell, she would follow us and help us up, and no matter how high we climbed she would cheer us on.

But at this time we would not forget to pay tribute to that dear life's companion, who sacrificed so much that she might be with us; to pay tribute to that dear sister, and those loving parents who gave her to us and who let us have so much of her time. We pay tribute to them.

It was but 18 short years ago when Mrs. Burch founded "We Boys" class,—the "We Boys" organization, with only six members. That was the first organized young men's class in America, and by reason of her consecrated life, her pure, simple, consistent Christian life, her brilliant intellect, her wonderful magnetism, her marvellous tact, her loving sympathy,

her warm hand shake, her happy smile, her faithfulness and her intuitive, God-given knowledge of the boy's heart, she was able to build up around her a class of over 250 young men. Sunday after Sunday held by the spell of her simple but all compelling eloquence, she preached Jesus Christ to over two thousand of "We Boys" members, past and present. She told us of Jesus as only she could do it, and even when on account of sickness she was compelled to be away from us, and her dear uncle, Dr. Todd, so efficiently and so acceptably filled her place, we could feel her mighty spirit present with us.

In our class we have an organization, a social organization, —known as the "We Boys" society. When we join that society we must take a pledge which requires the strictest adherence to the laws of purity and the highest regard and protection for womanly virtue. We must promise to abstain from the use of tobacco, liquor, and from profanity. She helped us to keep that pledge. We could not associate with her and break it. Nothing low or unclean or impure could exist in her presence. Her sphere was indeed her atmosphere, and before her, sin would melt away like mist before the noonday sun.

Her monument is a living monument. Within the hearts of over 2000 "We Boys" there is erected a monument to her this day. Her fame will never die. Her life will never die. Her monument is world-wide. "We Boys" are found.

"Where 'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,"

and there her monument is. The sun never sets on "We Boys."

Now it is for us,—the living—to build upon that foundation which she laid so strong and so deep, a monument which shall be a greater, grander, nobler work.

And then, boys, we know that Mrs. Burch is not dead. To us she has not gone, she is a living, vital, effective personality in our lives. We can feel her spirit all about us.

Listen, Boys! listen, as she says to us in her own words, as she bends over the parapets of Heaven, with that sweet,

MRS. J. D. BURCH IN 1904

noble and angelic face looking down upon us: "Boys, 'We Boys' are scattered all over the world, but some sweet day, not far distant, in the great beyond, we shall meet again. I will watch for you, boys, I will wait for you, boys, every one, and if a single face is missing, I will be disappointed."

"Don't disappoint her, boys, don't disappoint her! For there is a hope, a blessed hope which Jesus' grace has given, that when the days and years are passed we all shall meet in Heaven.

Many Boys Show Grief

Many a tear lined the cheeks of the 250 young men, many of them sobbing openly and not ashamed to show their feeling for the one who had led them. Her great work in life was at her side as she lay in peace. Boys grown to manhood, clean before the world and ready to carry on the work she had begun, to continue building up her monument of life, to save the souls of men.

"Only Remembered"

Joseph Marple, another young man from her class then sang in rich sympathetic tones, those beautiful lines which Mr. Sankey once rendered with much feeling, on hearing of the passing of his great co-laborer Mr. Moody, which were particularly appropriate in remembrance of the noble life work of our dear Mrs. Burch.

Fading away like the stars of the morning,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have done.

Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have sown;
These shall pass onward when we are forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we have done.

Oh, when the Savior shall make up his jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Thus shall "our loved one" whom God has called homeward,
E'er be remembered by what she has done.

DR. CHARLES EDWARD LOCKE'S ADDRESS

"Today this Church and its Pastor are sadly bereaved. This is indeed the first universal sorrow which has come upon our great congregation during the three years of my happy pastorate.

That was an auspicious event for the Kingdom of God when a baby girl was born in Adrian, Michigan, on April 4, 1866, a little more than 45 years ago.

A few years before, during the ravages of the Civil War, a brave soldier boy of 21 was married in his new uniform of blue, in 1862, to Mary Marshall, a sweet, patriotic girl of 18. When the anxieties of the war had ended and triumphant peace had been declared, the victorious soldier returned, in 1865, to his fond, loving bride, and a humble Christian home was established by Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Todd.

A most affectionate welcome was accorded to this first baby of this happy household, and the child was named Eva Elvira Todd. As of Timothy it can be said of her: '

"And that from a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation—through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man (or woman) of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

When this little girl came to be four years of age and she was told about the mysteries of Christmas time and of Santa Claus, she would go to the open fireplace and call up to the fine old fellow of whom she had heard, that she wanted him to bring her a "little wed Bible,' 'and this kindly friend of little children was not indifferent to the pleading of the sweet child, and sure enough in her stocking on the morning of Christmas was the little red Bible, and I have it here in my hand. Mrs. Burch told me all about it one day and said she had kept it as a treasure all these years. It was certainly a beautiful little

book when it was given her and it is beautiful still. She told me what a wound came into her heart when somebody who was visiting her house one day, accidentally put a stain on this little morocco binding—she said how sad she felt that the book should be in any wise disfigured.

I was going through the little red Bible today and I found all through the book, wherever the word Love appears it has been underscored by her. And then I also find here, where it says, "Eva Todd, Ionia, Michigan, Christmas, 1870;" and also the reference Isaiah 41-10, not in the same hand-writing but in her own; from time to time as the years went by she would turn to this passage and read it. You remember what it says:

"Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

After eight happy years in Adrian, on account of rheumatism, which was a painful inheritance of the exposures of the army life, Mr. and Mrs. Todd came to California and settled in Ventura. Here, as Dr. W. A. Knighten has so beautifully and tenderly told us, the little girl of nine years of age got her Heavenly vision and many and many a time during the past three years I have heard her speak with such tender affection of Dr. Knighten. And do you know that when I examined her own Bible, which the family allowed me to take for a while, I discovered in it a newspaper clipping that tells how many thousands of people were married by Dr. Knighten. And she considered that of sufficient importance to give it a place in this Book. It simply indicates to us that her heart was going out in fondness for this wise man who led a little child to the feet of her Lord.

After she was converted some of the older people in the Ventura Church, who didn't understand the heart of a child, said that Eva was too young to join the church, but here it was that this young man in the ministry, who had been ordained just a few months before, showed his ecclestiastical statesmanship when he declared that this little child should become a

member of the church of which he was pastor. She always looked back upon that event with extreme thanksgiving to God. Nowadays a child, even of six or seven years, will be received gladly into the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Los Angeles or anywhere.

In the spring of 1880 the family removed to San Francisco. Eva was now a bright pretty girl of 14 years, and was in attendance at a grammar school. Some philanthropic gentleman offered a prize of $8.00 for the best essay on the subject "Twin Evils of Tobacco and Intemperance." She deservedly won that prize and she purchased this Teacher's Bible. It is a most precious inheritance to the parents and sister and husband and to all of us. I have no doubt you can have the privilege, if you wish to call at the home, of looking into this Bible. The character of Mrs. Burch may be found in an examination of this book. Nobody knows how many times this identical book has been opened when inquirers have come seeking for the light; and again and again with each succeeding week throughout these years, she has turned to this book as she has prepared her lessons for the Sunday School and for the various meetings of the church.

Already the strong, divine character of this woman was appearing in the life of the little child. A girl of 14 years of age wants a great many things if she has eight dollars in her pocket. But this child preferred a Bible—about the handsomest Bible that could be bought and throughout all these years it has remained intact, strong and beautiful.

Just after her graduation from the Girls' High School of San Francisco, she was married by Dr. H. B. Heacock, on June 4, 1885, when she was 19 years of age, to Mr. J. D. Burch, an honored friend of the family who had known this beautiful young lady since she was a child of 9 years of age. Mr. Burch was an ardent Christian young man, kindly and courteous, and for 26 years has been a gallant and devoted husband. Their exquisite honeymoon spent in the midst of the wonders of the Yosemite, has never ended in all these years

of affection for each other, and mutual happy labors in the Master's Kingdom; and now they are separated for a short season only.

Immediately, Mr. and Mrs. Burch, 26 years ago, came to Los Angeles, where they remained for five years and then removed to San Diego, but after three years, returned in 1893 to Los Angeles and to the First Methodist Episcopal Church. While in her girlhood in Grace Church, San Francisco, she taught in the Sunday School and played the piano in prayer meetings, and when she went to San Diego she was given a class of boys in the Sunday School and was made President of the Epworth League—though she modestly declined the honor and in tears she told the pastor again and again "I can't do it," but she finally consented, and when she and her husband returned to Los Angeles, she joined the First Church and was given a class in the Sunday School and was made President of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. where she showed masterful executive ability in the enterprises of that important institution.

Then upon her return to Los Angeles and the First Church in 1893, she became most active in the Sunday School and Epworth League and that was in June. At length in July, on the 2nd day, 1893, Dr. H. W. Brodbeck displayed his wondrous genius for finding the right person, and persuaded Mrs. Burch to take a class of boys. That class, under the magnetic leadership of this beautiful, brilliant and consecrated teacher, has become one of the most notable Men's Bible Classes in America, of which we have so eloquently heard from Brother Poole. In these 18 fruitful years 1365 have been enrolled. Now there is an active membership of 250 and this does not include hundreds of young men who never enrolled in the class, but who attended it and came under the influence of this godly woman.

I was very much interested in what Brother Poole said about a wheel within a wheel, for within the class is a "We Boys" society, and nobody can belong to that society unless

he takes a sacred vow to abstain from tobacco, profanity, and strong drink, and to defend the matchless purity of womanhood. These "We Boys" (as has been indicated by the remarks to which we have listened), have idealized this beautiful and cultured teacher and they have established a more permanent and modern knighthood than that which graced the medieval round table of King Arthur.

I have heard about the gathering of last Sunday, when many of the boys went up to see their teacher. She was able to be in her comfortable chair in the yard, and they carried to her numberless flowers as tokens of affection; and a memorable picture was taken. It came like a tragic shock to all these young men and their friends when they were told that the next gathering that would ever occur between themselves and their teacher would be somewhere amidst the Paradise of God. I am glad the boys got a good picture. It will be tenderly prized and hung upon the wall of the church and in the homes of these young men.

Simultaneously with her Sunday School class in 1893, Mrs. Burch became a zealous worker in the Epworth League. She developed remarkable skill in persuading young people to give their lives to Jesus, and it is well remembered how convincing were her altar appeals. For twelve successive years she was First Vice-President of the League, and under her gifted leadership the Chapter became one of the most fruitful in our entire Methodism.

During the pastorate of Dr. J. A. B. Wilson, Mrs. Burch was invited to become the Pastor's Assistant of this Church, and during the busy, happy life of hers, she was associated in this capacity with Dr. Cantine, Dr. (now Bishop) McIntyre and your present Pastor. Mrs. Burch developed rare capacity and skill for the multifarious duties incidental to this responsible position. I have never seen her superior and I am convinced she has today few equals, or will ever have in that important place. She was uniformly patient and courteous. She had a genius for details and knew something of

each individual member of this church. She had seen our membership increase from a few hundred to about 2,400, and with utmost self sacrifice, she devoted her energies to mothering this great family. Of course all women have the mother spirit. God gives it to beautiful womanhood. Mrs. Burch was deprived of the exquisite honor of pressing her own child to her bosom and so she went out with her wondrous versatility to mother this Church, to mother these big boys in the class and to mother any needy soul who came to her for counsel and comfort. Again and again and again, I have overheard her conversations, and now and then she has asked me if I could leave my desk to have a prayer with somebody who was trying to get back to the beauties and riches of the ways of the Lord. Men who had been in her class for awhile and had strayed far from the fold would come back to her and tearfully tell the stories of their wanderings, and she would weep and pray for them. More than once have I put my arms around such a returning prodigal and prayed with him and with her for his restoration to God.

Mrs. Burch was a woman of extraordinary endowments. She was one of the most modest brilliant women I have ever known. She was a timid woman. I suspect the Church did not give her full credit for her timidity. She possessed fine literary ability and was a real poetess of evident genius. Besides the "We Boys" class which she taught from week to week, on Monday nights she instructed the class of probationers. Some time ago a visitor dropped in on that meeting and went home and wrote a whole page for one of the church papers describing the meeting and the remarkable address of the teacher. He made a mistake, however, he thought she was an old lady. In some way he got that impression and so he spoke of her as a woman advanced in years, and she was amused at being characterized as a sort of grandmother of the church, but the address which she gave upon that occasion would have graced this pulpit and this preacher, and any preacher and any pulpit.

She had rare talent as a musician and for years has presided at the piano in our mid-week service. She has played and sung at countless funeral services and when I opened this manual which I hold in my hand, I said to myself, if all the people who have been comforted through the ministry of this precious servant could have the privilege of attending her funeral, there would not be an auditorium in this city large enough to accommodate the throng. She has literally written multiplied hundreds of letters of condolence and congratulation to the sad, to the discouraged and to the victorious. She knew the psychological moment and she had the tender intuitions with which God endows exquisite womanhood; and a letter from her would give aid and comfort like a voice from the skies.

Few women have been so richly endowed as Mrs. Burch. Her versatility was seen first in her face of exquisite beauty; her voice of phenomenal sweetness and rich in the deeper musical tones; her spirit of fascinating Christliness and amiability; her manners of gracious ease and modesty; her faith serene and steadfast; her fidelity, dauntless and invulnerable. She was a Christian princess of delicate discrimination and taste and of spotless character. She worshiped a perfect Christ and earnestly strove after perfect ideals.

"Whatsoever things are true; whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there by any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things."

Mrs. Burch did think on these things. She had no harsh word or criticism for anybody. She would never respond if any unkind characterizations were made of people.

She did not expect to leave so soon. She was to seek the invigorating altitudes of the nearby mountains this very week, and in the early autumn, she confidently expected that she would be able to return to her duties as the pastor's assistant. Only last week we planned the new calendar for the

church, and it was with the utmost confidence that I myself prepared the copy for the printer and put Mrs. Burch's name under the name of the pastor, giving her address and her telephone numbers.

I think her translation was painless. She had had dinner—a happy meal with her family. She was able to walk with a little help. I think it was that very day that she went to the piano and played and sang as was her wont. When she returned to her bed chamber after the meal, somebody remarked that she was walking a little better. She said "I really think I am," and she was in a happy frame of mind. After awhile she bade those who were about her good night and went to sleep. They had talked during the evening of where they would be in camp pretty soon, and she said perhaps she would better ask the Board to give her a leave of absence for three months more, so she would be sure to be ready for the happy cares of this great church. All through these recent days that she has been confined in her home, she has kept a record of all changes of address, and the names of the new members, so she was indeed the pastor's assistant until she fell asleep on her pillow the other night.

I have gone reverently through this Bible of hers, and have found this beautiful poem:

He leads us on
By paths we did not know,—
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow;
Though often we faint and falter on the way,—
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone,
We know He leads us on.
He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years,—
Past all our dream-land hopes and doubts and fears.

In all my intimate acquaintance with dear Mrs. Burch, I am bound to say to you that I believe Mrs. Burch must have

her classification with the few women whom it has been my privilege to know personally, as approaching the very highest ideals of Christian perfection. Her stricken father and mother, and loving sister and faithful and devoted husband, all have our tenderest sympathy and earnest prayer.

"Heaven is nearer to us today,
Nearer it seems and shorter the way,
It is more our own since its Golden street,
Feels the soft tread of our loved one's feet."

I said to you a moment ago that I thought she went on without knowing it.

The angels went by the cottage yonder on South Flower street and took her in to their rapturous embrace.

I rather think that this was the way she would have preferred to go; and if Tennyson were living and had heard of her sudden transition, and had not before written his immortal lines, he would have been inspired to sing:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that, which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark!

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

When the Poet Browning was breathing his last, he said to his friends who had gathered about him "Do not say that I am dead." We do not say it of Browning and we shall never say it of Mrs. Burch.

A duet, the anthem "Morning Land," was sung sweetly by Mrs. Leo Stadden and Mrs. Nell McCune of the Church Choir.

Closing Prayer

Rev. A. W. Adkinson, former Presiding Elder and friend of the family, then led in the following prayer:

"And now, our Heavenly Father, at the close of this beautiful tender service, we bow our heads and bow our hearts before Thee in thangsgiving for such a precious gift; we thank Thee for her blessed childhood, for her young womanhood, for her mature womanhood, for her blessed service.

We thank Thee, our Father, that Thou hast permitted us to have among us such an example of the power of grace, of sanctified service. We thank Thee for Sister Burch,—the daughter, the wife, the loving friend and counselor, the wise teacher, the faithful worker.

And now, Father, we ask for Thy blessing, for Thy tender grace, for Thy sweet spirit, in all our hearts. Come to Brother Burch, we pray Thee, and, Oh, Thou hast already come to him in blessed, comforting influence; abide with him, give him Thy holy spirit all his days.

And be with the stricken father and mother we pray Thee, and the loving sister, and all the dear ones. We are all mourners this day, our Father.

Be with these splendid boys, and be with this great church, with this noble pastor, and with all the people and help us to go forth from this place today, our Father, with chastened hearts, sanctified lives; with holier and higher aspirations, with greater courage.

Help us to go out to face the great problems that are before us with courage and strength and gladness, knowing

that in Thy name we shall not fail. Oh, our Father, we thank Thee for the blessed hope of immortality, and that today our sister is not dead, but gone on before and is entering upon a field of usefulness, blessed service, where there is joy and holiness. Bless us, Father, and bring us all into a very sweet and blessed fellowship with Thee.—Amen."

Following the closing prayer by Rev. A. W. Adkinson, members of the congregation passed by the bier for a last look at one who had entered many of the lives of those present. Passing in single file it was forty-five minutes from the time the first of the long procession passed the casket until the members of the family were left alone a few moments with their dear one.

Members of We Boys class acted as ushers as well as both active and honorary pallbearers, each member of the class wearing the class colors of blue and white, with a knot of black. The young women of the J. O. C. class were attired in white, and each carried a single white carnation which was placed on the casket, a great bank of pure white blossoms as loving remembrances by the young women of the church.

Among the most beautiful of the set pieces was a large cross and crown, the cross being composed of white sweet peas and ferns, while the crown was composed of enchantress carnations, the remembrance of We Boys class. The J. O. C. class sent a large mounted wreath of white sweet peas and pink roses. The Sunday School sent a large mounted wreath of bride roses and pink rosebuds. An open Bible with pages of spotless blossoms was sent by the official board and a pillow by the Epworth League.

Madison Marine, the retiring president of the class, had charge of the arrangements. The following were the pallbearers:

Perrin Heaverin, Will Hunter, Madison Marine, Charles McCully, Carl King, and Arthur Cardwell.

The following attended as honorary pallbearers:

Frank B. Wayne, Jr., Ernest Oliver, Don Fallis, Frank

Cretcher, William Hancock, Charles Hixson, Chas. Scott and Frank Buren.

The ushers were the following: Herbert Ecclestone, Herbert Tosteson, J. Tinney, Irvin Fallis, John Walter, Rufus Fallis, Will Herman, John Rutherford, John Auchenbach, Frank Thompson, Robert Allen and Frank Buren.

Following the service four funeral cars conveyed the family and members of the classes to Inglewood Park cemetery, where Dr. Locke officiated at the burial service.

Services at the grave were very impressive and are described as follows by Clarence Petty:

Four special cars carried the funeral party to the cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest in beautiful Inglewood. The services at the grave were brief and simple. Dr. Locke read the usual service from the ritual. The quartette sang "Asleep in Jesus."

Dr. Locke then spoke feelingly of that last Sunday afternoon when the boys had gathered at Mrs. Burch's home, as it seemed that it must be providentially, they had come to celebrate her coronation, and he said that never did a princess of royal blood sit surrounded by a more gallant knighthood, or one that was more ready to pay her homage.

While Dr. Locke was speaking, a cloud that had shut out the sunlight for a while, was blown away, and the sun burst forth in splendor. Dr. Locke took advantage of the incident to say that just so the cloud that had settled down over us would be lifted, and the light of faith would shine through, and soon we would come to realize that we have not really lost Mrs. Burch, but that she has only gone on before, and that some time in the bright beyond we would see her smile again—more radiant perhaps than we had ever known it here.

At the close of the service, the members of We Boys class, each bearing a white carnation, passed by the grave and dropped the flowers on the casket, and the casket was completely covered with a little mound of white. Then we all knelt

on the greensward about the open grave, while Dr. Locke offered a prayer of consecration; and many were the vows that were renewed there, and many the prayers that went up to God for strength and grace to live her teachings.

Then as the sun was sinking rapidly toward the bosom of the ocean, we turned back to the busy city, to our homes, and to the tasks that we have been spared to do. And as we passed down the gentle slope of the green hill toward the exit, the air was filled with perfume from the little mound of white there on her casket. And as I remembered my teaching, that no atom in all the universe is ever lost, but that even now the perfume of these dying flowers is being drunk in by the fresh flowers blooming there by the pathway, and that these will pass it on to others, and so on to others that will waft it on the breezes of other summers and to peoples yet unborn. And I thought how fitting a token of love to our teacher.—The frail stem of life that anchored *her* to earth is broken, and the bloom soon will decay, but the perfume of her life is here and will make my life more fragrant. God gave her to our tasks and our pleasures here for a little while in the glad happy springtime, now he has "called her in and shut the door." But whether it be in the bloom of summer, the fruitful autumn, or on into the snows of winter, it can not be so very long until the door will open for me; then maybe I shall know that even Death is not so terrible as now he seems to be.—there *is a victory* even over Death."

BISHOP ROBERT M'INTYRE
Former Pastor of First Church and Co-worker with Mrs. Burch.

A Tribute From Bishop McIntyre

PERMIT me to lay upon the grave of my honored and sainted co-laborer, my spray of memorial blossoms, and to wish they were as fadeless as the amaranths that bloom now around her feet as she walks by the river of life in the Paradise of God. Mrs. Burch was an ideal Christian woman of the modern type. Not a cloistered nun or pale secluded devotee kneeling away at a dim

lighted shrine offering orisons to a distant Deity, but a warm hearted, sweet-souled, bright faced handmaiden of her Lord. Her garments were odorous of the King's palace, and her songs told of one at peace with her Maker and enamored of all his beautiful world. I used to think when watching her work for the six years of our service together in First M. E. Church, how deep, how satisfying is the career of such Godly women as Frances Willard, Maud Booth, Lucy Rider Meyer, and Eva Burch, who use their fine spiritual faculties to uplift and restore humanity, compared with the shallow existence of many equally gifted sisters who waste their days in the trivial pleasures of worldly society. Oft she was tired, but it was a delicious tiredness of body and spirit, and now she rests from her labors, and her works do follow her. No mother ever was more solicitous about her brood than she for the welfare of her "We Boys." Oft have I seen her face aglow with pride as she told me of their triumph over the adversary of mankind and I have seen the tears gather in her eyes as she read letters from her class members in far off places.

Her prayers continually went up for them, and when one strayed away into sin it hurt her as if it had happened to her own flesh and blood. I always talked over my critical matters in our fold with her and found her judgment sane and wholesome, and her insight clear and true. Her advice was helpful to me many a time, and her approbation cheered me as the praise of one who knew the "unsearchable riches of Christ."

If the class she trained and taught could have a transcript of some of her conversations with me about their religious conditions, their struggles and victories, their hopes and fears, if they could hear the oft repeated burden of her prayer, "O God, save my boys," they would reckon her grave a sacred spot, and tell their children's children how one of God's messengers sat among them long ago. If any one of that band falls away from Jesus, it will not be for lack of

loving care or faithful sacrifice on the part of the most gifted teacher of men I have ever met. In years to come when "Mrs. Burch's Boys" are white haired, and meet one another in various parts of the world, their lips will tremble as they ask, "Do you remember how she smiled when she asked us to be Christians, and meet her in Heaven."

Surely they will not let her wait in vain for them to come.

ROBERT McINTYRE.

FROM A FORMER PASTOR

Rev. John W. Campbell, D.D.

I rejoice in the privilege of offering my tribute to the memory of our much beloved friend and co-worker, Mrs. J. D. Burch, who has left us ALL TOO SOON—it seems to those who were associated with her in Christian work!

The deeper and guiding lines of this remarkable life, will never be committed to human page, but will be left to the competent hands of the recording Angel. We can, in no sense, give expression to our exalted appreciation of her Christian character.

She was ever a growing Christian and the secret of her continued growth, could be discovered in the atmosphere of her daily life, and that atmosphere was a life of faith upon the Son of God. She was an influential Christian, for there emanated from her smiles, her voice, her deeds of mercy, constantly, such a testimony of consecrated devotion to the Master, that hundreds came under her teachings, and went forth to reflect the influence of her illumined soul.

Whenever she saw a temporal or spiritual need in those around her, she felt the call to service. Her words and testimonies live after her. "Being dead she yet speaketh."

We first met Mrs. Burch and her husband in the city of San Diego, Cal. Soon after, they removed to Los Angeles, and became members of First Church. She was the first president of our Epworth League, and assisted me much in the

organic work of the society. From its organization during my pastorate, until her going, she was a great power in the spiritual life and development of the young people.

As pastor of old Fort Street Methodist Episcopal Church for four years, we have ever felt that much of the success depended upon the counsel, wisdom, loyalty and devotion of this good woman.

Her life was unpretentious, but was as "a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Many will rise up to call her blessed at the time of passing honors, in the Heavenly Home.

A FAITHFUL TEACHER

IT was in the latter weeks of the month of June, 1893, that Mr. and Mrs. Burch returned from San Diego, to unite again with our church and enter into its work. Our school was not large and there were not many young men attending its sessions. A class of twenty-four young men had borne the proud distinction of being the only one in the school at the time. The loss of their teacher caused the young men to become negligent, and it was with difficulty that six of them could be induced to remain in the school. On Sunday, July 3rd, Mrs. Burch having cheerfully consented to take up the work as a teacher of young men began her wonderful career with the six who had remained loyal to the school. Her attractive womanly ways; her quick perception and tactfulness; her unfailing good humor; her wonderful patience and tenderness manifested to those who sought her advice; her unfaltering faith in the Bible as a guide to conduct and attainment of character; her unflagging zeal in the training and culture of those who came into her class, made her the ideal teacher and real friend of "her boys." With such a rare teacher it was not unexpected that the class grew rapidly in numbers, until it became famous as "WE BOYS," taught by Mrs. Burch. In her teaching Mrs. Burch was an

exponent of the well recognized principle in pedagogy, that to win the hearts of pupils the teacher must speak through the affections. When Jesus with His disciples retired to the secluded spots round about Galilee and talked as he walked with them, did he not prepare them for their future work. It was not the walks, but the pure friendship, the kindly interest and the trust that knit together the Great Teacher and His disciples. And so it is with all true teachers. Mrs. Burch looked upon every duty, however humble, as sacred because it was part of her service to God. Her energy and cheerfulness seemed but an expression of the prayer that always fell from her lips, "Lord, help me do my best."

Unselfish in her devotion to what seemed her life work, she fully exemplified the sentiment that the strongest argument in favor of the gospel is a loving and lovable Christian. To live such a life, to exert such an influence, costs much in effort, self-sacrifice and discipline. To her it was ministry to Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister to others. She gave much and she lives much in the lives of many who felt the influence that emanates from a noble character.

"Friendly (she) the teacher stood, like an angel of light, there among them,
And to the (class) explained she the holy, the highest, in a few words,
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity is always simple."

H. W. Brodbeck.

FROM MRS. H. W. BRODBECK,

Superintendent of Sunday School Primary Department.

T is not difficult to characterize one whose life was so full of the many qualities which met and blended into a richly endowed nature. How well she had learned the secret of utilizing these great stores of womanly love and skill for the benefaction of others. There was no trait in her character that was more prominent than

her power of helpfulness. To be helpful was her only thought for she was inspired by that love which "seeketh not her own," but that gave of the treasure which had possessed her so completely. As the sunshine penetrates and blesses the world, so poured she out her strength and thought and knowledge that others might come into the light. And here is where she lives in our memories. Thinking of Mrs. Burch brought an instantaneous vision of a richly endowed woman. Her sympathy was universal; her tact was assuring, and her earnestness of purpose was convincing. She was possessed of a keen sense of humor and eloquence which served her in her teaching, and the complete mastery of these powers all combined to make a sweet, gentle personality in whom all had confidence. "What would Mrs. Burch do" when it came to matters requiring the wisest discretion, could always be answered that she would look into the Master's face and seek His way, and even though she was hidden in the shadow she would do that which honored Him.

MRS. H. W. BRODBECK.

Mrs. J. D. Burch was one of the most efficient Christian workers that it has been my privilege to know. She was endowed with peculiar gifts such as fitted her for leadership among the young people. Amiable in disposition, earnest in purpose and tactful in executing her plans, gave her a dominence of power in moulding the young life of the Church in which she worked, rarely attained by any person. In her death the church suffers a great loss.

G. F. BOVARD,
March 21, 1912. Pres. University of So. Cal.

LOS ANGELES YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"Devotion is like the candle which Michael Angelo used to place in his pasteboard cap so as not to throw his shadow

upon the work in which he was engaged." It was this type of self hidden devotion that characterized the services of Mrs. Burch in her work with the hundreds of young men of our city who came under her influence in the We Boys' class. The master touch of this sculptor of character will endure when the chiseled marble of Angelo has crumbled to dust and been forgotten.

Her marvelous power to attract and hold young men of all classes within this organized body surpassed anything I have ever known, and the influences for good radiating therefrom may truly be said to be world wide on account of the very cosmopolitan character of this remarkable class.

D. E. LUTHER,
General Secretary.

March 28, 1912.

FROM OUR SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

On Train, Oct. 19th, 1911.

FTER traveling in evangelistic work for over eighteen years I do not hesitate to say the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles, California, is the greatest church in all her departments I have ever known. Dr. Brodbeck in the Sunday school, giving his time to the work, has been a cardinal factor in the phenomenal success of the church. The name of the other lay member which will always stand out luminously is Mrs. J. D. Burch. My first Sunday evening in Los Angeles, September, 1887, twenty-four years ago, was spent in the young people's meeting—Mr. and Mrs. Burch and Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard had charge. Mrs. Burch gave the invitation—young people were converted—so it has been all these years, week by week. Privately, probationers' classes, Sunday School class, League, prayer meeting—a continual passion for souls. I have been told of Mrs. Burch's work all over the continent. She inspired and helped me. Her example taught me it is possible to win souls daily to

Jesus Christ. She certainly crowned the Savior with a useful life. Underneath her continually were the everlasting arms. If there were no other reasons to resolve to go to Heaven than the blessings received around First Church altars when Mrs. Burch had charge, multitudes would resolve to meet her in Heaven. What a praise meeting we will all have when we meet our Sister Burch. Yes, and Dr. Cantine—and all the other members who have gone to our Eternal Home.

HUGH E. SMITH.

"HER WORKS PRAISE HER."

(Let her own works praise her in the gates.—Prov. 31-31.)

THIRTY-SIX Sunday mornings have rolled by since, for the first time I met the We Boys' class. Faces that were then strange have become familiar. Lives that were outside the orbit of my life have become companion satelites of the same system. Becoming acquainted, more or less, with the members of the class, I have learned even more about the noble and saintly woman, so long their teacher. Indeed, I never really knew her till I came to see her as made known by her work. How better may one study the poet, the painter, the teacher or even the Creator, than by his works?

I found among "We Boys" not only the unity of the spirit but a certain common spiritual type that suggested that each had come into contact with the same strong soul that had not only pointed him to Christ but in the process had unconsciously put something of herself upon and within him.

The teacher who made an impression, so strong, so deep, so abiding in the souls of some hundreds of young men, at this busiest period of their lives, and in the busiest age the world ever saw, must have been of no common worth. That her work was with the gentleness of a woman we know, but it must have had no lack of the virility of a man. "We Boys"

impress one as having been indoctrinated in a religion adapted to this world and to life in the midst of temptations. Who shall say what must have been the white heat of that teacher's love and sister's jealous affection that could awaken such unstinted love in so many manly hearts? "We Boys" will never get away from those fervent appeals, that kindly look, that yearning love. They will live to see gray hairs, wrinkles and stooping shoulders but even in that far-off day will know a stronger warmth in their hearts as they recall the "We Boys'" class and its first teacher.

ELBERT S. TODD,
Teacher of "We Boys" Class.

KIND WORDS FROM MRS. FLORENCE M. SHERMAN,

Returned missionary from Korea, who assisted Mrs. J. D. Burch in church visitation work.

BOUT twenty-four years ago, upon my arrival in Los Angeles, I met Mrs. Burch at dear old First Church. Looking back over those years I find nearly all the memories of those early days are associated with her, during all the time I found her the same loving, helpful friend. When I became more closely associated with her in the church work, she proved to be a sympathetic, wise counselor, always ready with a word of encouragement when I was tempted in any way to yield to discouragement. I found she never lost faith in people, but was always looking for the best in everybody, always trying to make excuse for seeming failure on the part of those who disappointed us. She was intensely interested in people and made them conscious of it.

When I picked up the work as she was compelled, because of illness, to lay it down, I realized more than ever what an indefatigable worker she had been, in spite of the months of intense suffering she had kept up the work in a

wonderful way. It grieved her that she had been unable to make more calls, but over and over again, in my visiting, people speak of her goodness in going to them even though she herself must have been suffering greatly. She truly showed the fruits of the spirit in all her work, as well as her life. She was faithful unto death and we are confident the crown is hers.

Mrs. Florence Mills Sherman.

FROM THE TEACHER OF THE J. O. C. CLASS.

THE greatness of goodness was surely never more beautifully illustrated than in this wonderful teacher. It seemed as natural to her as the very air she breathed, so that one did not have to know her long and well before being conscious of the divine spark that constantly illuminated her soul—the spark that kept her eyes so gently love-lit, and the smile so constant, though so changing. When sad, it was for others' grief; when glad, it was for others' joy.

Can one even imagine in her exquisite make-up one tiny retreat for a thought of self! She was the dear Christ's own, and radiated His tender sympathy and Heaven-born inspiration.

To be spoken of by "We Boys" with such loving reverence, and yet gallant sense of comradeship, is better than monument or crown. Her voice must speak to them in every hour of darkness, bidding them to struggle on, not to faint nor doubt, but to overcome and obtain the victory.

I fancy they may often imagine her risen from among the flowers with which they enveloped her, resting by the way in one of Heaven's own gardens, waving her palms of victory, and smilingly holding out to them the golden scepter—her mark of life's long devotion.

I count it a great happiness to have labored a year at her side as teacher of the companion class of girls—the J. O. C.'s,

whose love for her and her's for them were sweet unquestioned gifts.

A sense of lasting loss, but no sense of gloom, has seemed to accompany her translation to the Heavenly mansions, so bright and fair. It was an exquisitely inspirational "going home" with no "moaning at the bar."

To be able to give to the world with so generous an abandon, such a daughter, such a sister, such a wife, must be joy inexpressible. Such princely givers need no sympathy but rather congratulations. Few have such gifts to bestow. "The peace of God which passeth understanding" must be theirs, and theirs the grace sufficient.

"God's boundless love and arching sky
Above us when we wake or sleep,
Above us when we smile or weep,
Above us when we live or die."

(Signed) ADELAIDE WHITFIELD LA FETRA,
Teacher J. O. C. Class.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF W. A. NIGHTINGALE,

Of the U. S. S. Delaware to Mrs. Minnie T. Willis.

Thank you so much for your letter, but how sorry, how grieved to hear of your—of our loss.

I read the account of her last days and I thought what a glorious life. What a precious memory for her relatives—for those who had the privilege of her friendship—and now she has been crowned and there are many stars in that crown of glory.

She was the first lady to whom I ever spoke of my spiritual needs and the sweetness of her friendship is one of the fragrant memories of my wandering life.

In concluding, let me express the sympathy I feel for you all. I am only a sailor man, with few ties of affection in this world, and cannot express what I feel in my heart, but I know

that I can say, as many hundreds will say with me, that I feel that I have lost the best friend a man could ever possibly have —but it is only for a time—we shall meet again.

WILLIAM ARTHUR NIGHTINGALE.

Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., July 15th, 1911.

I doubt if I have been influenced more for good and right living by any one than by Mrs. Burch, excepting only my mother. I look back upon the time spent in her class as the most useful of all my life studies and no lessons I have learned have made the profound impression and remained so clear and have been such a source of helpfulness as those pointed out by her. Conviction seemed to follow her words as I have never know it to do in any other person.

How can we do without her? To think of Mrs. Burch is to entertain the most hallowed of memories and now that I shall see her no more, it seems as though her example will supply her place in so realistic a way that she must seem to be with me anyway.

I have the class picture. I look at it often and say: "Here is an assembly of young men whose hearts, minds and souls are as nearly right as teaching can make them; primarily because they have come under her instruction and because of her power to impart the idea of the highest type of Christain manhood. I have not seen Mrs. Burch since 1902, when I was but a few days in Los Angeles, yet the loss of our teacher comes to me as one with whom I had been in constant association. Think of the glorious reward that is hers.

(Signed) GEORGE J. ODEN,
Captain 10th Cavalry U. S. Army.

Tributes From Past Presidents of "We Boys"

What I am—what I hope to be—I owe to my beloved friend, Mrs. Burch, more than to any other human agency.

To my certain knowledge, Mrs. Burch's life and counsel has had an influence upon the young manhood of Los Angeles that can never be measured and will continue to grow and expand as time passes.

It must be left to God to record and to eternity to disclose the results of her wonderful life.

CLARENCE M. TAGGART.

I had the pleasure and great privilege of listening to the teachings and being influenced by the kind, sympathetic and winsome manner of Mrs. Burch for over seven years. And aside from the early training of a Christian father and mother, it has had more to do with the faith I now have in my Savior than anything else. Her counsel, her advice, and "We Boys," have meant as much to me, perhaps, spiritually, socially and materially, as to any boy in her great class.

CARL V. KING.

Mrs. Burch's life was a "lamp to my feet, a light to my pathway." The thought of her standing firm and unchangeable in the faith has many times kept me off the rocks and steadied me on my course.

I have not the slightest doubt but that my life has been strongly influenced for good by having come into contact with her and the class which she organized and led.

I will always remember her as standing before our class encouraging us to better lives and inspiring to nobler purposes.

RUDOLPH J. WUEST.

Mrs. Burch was a woman of exceptional capabilities and of a winning personality. She understood boys and young men as is given to very few to understand them. She was not only the teacher of "We Boys," but she was also the personal friend of every one of them. Many a young man has been held to the paths of righteousness by the thought of the personal interest of Mrs. Burch and because of the powerful influence of high ideals as expressed in her. The world has been made better, brighter, holier and more worth while for a lot of us fellows because Mrs. Burch lived. May our lives, "We Boys," be an active testimony to her life and influence.

Ernest W. Oliver.

There are people we meet in our daily life whom we easily forget, who make no impression upon us. Not so with our teacher and friend, Mrs. J. D. Burch. For one who has ever held a minute's conversation with her has never left her presence without being helped and inspired to live a better life. Her teachings and helpful talks each Sunday morning have made us better men and will never be forgotten by us. And now that she has gone above, so let us live to meet her there. She'll be looking for us, "We Boys," let's not disappoint her.

B. F. Wayne, Jr.

Mrs. Burch has always been an inspiration for good to me. Her pleasant manner and her deep spirituality always appealed to the best that was in me and many is the time she kept me from going astray. She was one of God's greatest noble-women and had the faculty of drawing everyone to her and thus to her God.

Wm. Hunter.

To have known Mrs. J. D. Burch, to have worked with her and to have been a member of her class, I regard as one

of the greatest blessings of my life. Among the hosts of memories of Mrs. Burch which come up before me, as I write, there is not one that I would want to forget or to have changed. Truly, her life was a wonderful example of God's power to keep sweet under all circumstances. To know her was to be a better man.

JOSEPH MARPLE.

Retrospective recollections as an ex-president of "We Boys" brings vividly to my memory how near to God I walked then and how I realized then as never before the need of spiritual help, and Mrs. Burch gave me the key to that help in one of her many gems of thought. The ones that helped me most were, "The soul is a castle which Christ cannot enter unless I open the door within." "What kind of a class would our class be if all the boys were just like me?" This made me to seek a closer communion with Christ and has been the power in my life ever since. Thank God for her influence on my life.

F. ARTHUR CARDWELL.

I always felt that Mrs. Burch's interest in me was genuine. I could always tell her of my successes and be sure of her congratulations. I could always tell her of my failures and be sure of her sympathy and help.

CLARENCE PETTY.

Sometimes when I am trying to teach my class of bright boys the same lessons that once she taught to me, it seems that not only her method of instruction, but even her very words are used. Had I realized how wonderful was her interpretation of the Bible, I surely would not have trusted my memory alone to preserve those stirring, heart-searching lessons. Where did she get those teachings? Directly from the Great Teacher. Why did she give her life to us? Because

she loved Him, and she loved us and wanted us to love Him. And this is why Mrs. J. D. Burch will live always in our hearts.

Jay W. Tinney.

To know Mrs. Burch was to love her, and the "Christian spirit" that radiated from her was a constant source of inspiration to me and to all who knew her.

Dr. Maurice Crow.

For over fifteen years I have had the great privilege of being asociated in Sunday School and League work with our dear departed friend, teacher and leader, Mrs. J. D. Burch. I feel that it is due to her consecrated life, teaching and influence that I owe much for the strength and upbuilding of my own character and shall ever be grateful for the personal touch of this divinely beautiful life, knowing that many will the more earnestly tread the heavenly road because of her love and faithful devotion to Christ's kingdom.

Don Fallis.

Just to know her was a privilege, and to have had the benefit of her teachings, which will go with me through life, has been the greatest blessing that has befallen me. She has been an anchor that has many times kept me from drifting into temptation, and her noble spirit has inspired me to higher ideals and given me a broader idea of life's duties and responsibilities.

Frank B. Cretcher.

The beautiful spiritual life of Mrs. J. D. Burch has been a constant source of inspiration and strength to me. Without her kindly assistance in the early years of my Christian life I fear I could not have held to the faith. I shall always remember her as a true Christian friend and teacher, willing

at all times to help any of her "Boys" who were in trouble. Her death was indeed a sad blow to us all, but the record of her life work stands a monument to her genius.

CHARLES R. HIXON.

It had been over ten years since I had attended Sunday school when one Sunday morning in June, 1908, I visited the We Boys class, where I met Mrs. Burch for the first time, and to my surprise I again became a Sunday school scholar, for no one ever met Mrs. Burch without feeling the wonderful influence of her sweet consecrated life. Her sincerity, naturalness and her womanly sweetness and helpfulness permeated all that surrounded her and reached every one in her class. Her power was more than human —it was the power of the Father working through one who had fully surrendered all to Him. No one will ever appreciate fully what a wonderful life this great woman lived. It is a pity that the world at large did not personally know her, but it does and will know her through her wonderful influence for good over the young men who have gone out from her great class.

MADISON MARINE.

God bless the thought of her whose name is so dear to We Boys. As one of them I loved her. I was helped by her, and by His grace I shall be in at the roll call up there and meet with her and her boys.

RUFUS FALLIS.

Emerson has said that every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some individual. The We Boys class can be said to be a shadow of Mrs. J. D. Burch and it is a shadow that reaches around the whole world. I rejoice that for six years I have been permitted to dwell in her chosen vineyard of usefulness and I know that my spiritual life has been con-

stantly refreshed by her over-shadowing love and tender ministrations.

PERRIN B. HEAVERIN.

For many years I have personally known our dear teacher, Mrs. J. D. Burch. Next to my own mother she has exerted the greatest influence over my life, and I am glad to say that her teachings and beautiful Christian life have always been an inspiration and a help to me. I want to meet her again in that Heavenly home over there.

HERBERT A. ECCLESTONE.

All who knew Mrs. Burch could not but feel the Christ spirit that shone so radiantly in her life. Hundreds of young men all over the world are guided by the influence of her Christ-like character.

Personally, she has been the greatest inspiration of my life.

GEO. F. HOPKINS.

To me the great power Mrs. Burch had was of course due to her high Christian character. After that she had and believed the religion she so ably taught; and was able by her consistency in all things religious to impress the life of Christ on men and women as she came in contact with them. This power, it seems to me, can only come from a life "Hidden with Christ."

EARL SWEET, M. D.

I wish to give my tribute to the memory of my friend and teacher, Mrs. J. D. Burch, that the teachings and example of her life have made an influence on my life that I will never forget. As a teacher of God's Word she was never, to my judgment, excelled. But the great soul of Mrs. Burch was found in her friendship and in her individual heart to heart talks. Truly the world is the loser by her translation from it, but

her life and work will never fade in the memory of those who learned to love her.

My desire is that I may emulate her example and like her to draw others to my Savior, the one she so dearly loved to serve. Truly, "A good name is more to be desired than great riches."

W. H. Herman.

Mrs. Burch by her character and deeds has been one of the greatest inspirations for the higher and better things that has ever come into my life.

Frank Buren.

As a member of the "We Boys" class at its organization, I can truly say that it is largely due to the teachings and influence of its great teacher, Mrs. J. D. Burch, that I am "What manner of man I am." And when this mortal shall have put on immortality, may I, like her, hear the great and good master say to me, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord," is my earnest prayer.

Fred Brown.

I realized the Christ-like spirit and sympathy of my friend and teacher, Mrs. Burch, as never before, when, during my many months of illness, she put aside her own suffering and came to minister to me.

Joel Berry.

It was her faith that made a lasting impression on me—her abiding faith in God; for the example of her life testified in harmony with her words a hope of glory as a result of this confidence—trust in the promises of God. My heart responded to that impression and, by the grace of God, I now have the hope which is an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into that within the veil.

Ethan Scheidler.

The one thing that impressed me was her common sense way of looking at the religion of Christ and her consistent life. It was not a life of religious emotion sometimes up and sometimes down, but one full of faith and grounded on the solid rock "Christ."

J. J. Rutherford.

The exalted character of our glorified teacher is beyond the measure of human words. Her teachings and example have been a great inspiration to me and ever will be. I am impressed with a deeper gratitude and a greater sense of responsibility to God for having come under her uplifting influence. I can best express my feelings of admiration for her in a few verses which came to my thought and pen in 1898 for the "We Boys Souvenir Book," which follow:

A Tribute to Our Beloved Teacher, Mrs. J. D. Burch.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."
"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." Proverbs 31.

So spake the wisest king of men,
In proverbs written by his pen.
Extol we then the life of her.
Our Teacher, God's own messenger.

Her cheerful eyes and smiling face,
Imbued with every Christian grace,
Her gentle words, her kind advice,
Her deeds of loving sacrifice,
Her anxious tears and earnest prayer
Follow her "We Boys" everywhere.

If by our fruits, of love or sin,
Our lives reveal our hearts within,
Then, never mortal form concealed,
Or life of righteousness revealed,
A nobler heart, mankind to bless,
With loving, Christ-like kindliness.

O loving Lord, who answers prayer,
Her life work and her teaching spare,
To train our wills to motives great,
Her noble life to emulate.

IRVIN H. FALLIS.

From a letter writen by the late Dr. J. A. B. Wilson, a former pastor of First Church, to "We Boys" a few years ago:

"I fully recognize the good work you are doing and the power behind the throne, or rather on the throne, the queenly woman who gives so much of her time and efforts to the church, and through it to the exposed and tempted young life about her.

"I do not need to say anything about her work; its record is being written on high. Your own clean, manly, active Christian lives tell of its worth.

"May God bless you all and make you increase more and more in numbers, consecration and usefulness.

"Your friend,

"JOHN A. B. WILSON, D. D."

Memorial Day In The Sunday School

MEMORIAL day in honor of Mrs. Burch was impressively observed by the Sabbath School on Sunday morning, July 23d, while she was spending her third Sabbath day in Paradise. Beautiful flowers graced the platforms in all the assembly rooms, and special music was provided for the occasion. This included some of the favorite songs Mrs. Burch so loved to sing, which were sung by the audience and soloists of the school. Especially sweet music was also rendered by the orchestra.

Each department listened reverently to a touching address by one of the young men of her class; five "We Boys" addressing five departments of the school.

Before the Main School.

Our Superintendent, Dr. Brodbeck, spoke with much pathos of Mrs. Burch's faithful life and successful work in the Sunday school, and they called upon Mr. Frank Buren, in behalf of her class, to speak in her honor, which he well did as follows:

ADDRESS OF MR. BUREN.

It is indeed a rare privilege to have the opportunity of appearing before this great Sunday School as a representative of "We Boys Class," and participating in these exercises in commemoration of our dear departed teacher.

It was meet and proper and a very commendable act of our Superintendent to set aside this day and this hour in each of the departments of this great school as a further tribute to the blessed memory of one who has been so closely identified

with the Sunday School and church and contributed so much to its success during these many years.

The past ten days have been days of great loneliness to "We Boys," and even after this lapse of time our hearts are so full that we cannot give adequate expression to the feeling of irreparable loss that overcomes us.

Yet we know that as a class we have not been alone in our sorrow. Every class and every member of this great school has been as keenly grieved as we have been grieved. Our sorrow has been your sorrow. Our loss has been your loss.

Wrapped up in "my boys," as she was wont to call us, yet there was room in her great heart for every other member of this Sunday school and church, as well as any other person, of whatever station or condition of life, who might come this way in need of a comforter and friend.

We mourn that she was taken, but we must not forget that she was given. She did a great work, grew weary in the way and fell asleep. May the beautiful spirit which dominated her life inspire us to nobler things.

Mrs. Burch was one of the noblest of God's noblewomen. After some fourteen years of close observation of her life and work, I unhesitatingly give it as my earnest conviction, that the world has produced but few, if any, of her sex, as truly great.

A biography of the most famous women of the world, would reveal many names which may always have a more prominent place in history than Mrs. Burch, but fame of this kind is usually more the result of opportunity than extraordinary qualifications or ability. One must of course first have the capacity in order to take advantage of the opportunity; but without the particular trend of events which presented the opportunity to do the deeds of valor, or to make the sacrifices which gave them their place in history, most of the so-called greatest characters would never have been known outside of the small circle which limited their former daily activities.

Mrs. Burch had all the good qualities that have charac-

terized the famous women of the past. She had the faithfulness and fidelity of a Ruth, the patriotism and courage of an Esther, the zealousness and martyr spirit of a Joan of Arc and the sweetness of spirit, the eloquence, the genius for organization and leadership of a Frances Willard.

So talented and peculiarly fitted for a great work in life was she, that had she lived in their time and had their opportunities, Mrs. Burch could have performed the part of any of the really great women of the world who preceded her.

The work that she did do will live forever. It may never attain the publicity which would give it a place in the annals of time, but in the hearts and minds of the thousands of young men whose lives she touched and made better she will ever be recognized as an uncrowned queen, and before the great white throne where real justice is done, she is sure of a crown of glory.

Mrs. Burch was eminently fitted to be a great teacher. She had that rare power of kindling another mind with the fire which burned in her own. She could bring her soul into such living contact with her students that they were stirred by her impulses and fired with her enthusiasm.

She had fine literary and musical talents and was a most eloquent speaker. Even to know her was an inspiration, but to hear her speak was to have cast over one a spell that would ever remain. Her platform style was delightfully unaffected. In fact, you could not call it a "style." It was her own sweet, witty and winning conversation in a slightly louder tone heard from a higher plane. A few sentences and she had conquered every member of her audience. The listeners were her admirers for life.

As members of her class, we are often asked what we consider the secret of Mrs. Burch's power—the secret of her great success in life. Volumes could be written in reply. Put to a score of young men who knew her best and as many dieffrent reasons, all correct, would be given as to why she was great.

First of all she was a true-hearted Christian woman. There

was no fickleness or unfaithfulness in Mrs. Burch's nature and never had been. She was cheerful, bright, sincere, and courageous; tender, kind, sympathetic and true. She was never heard to speak ill of any one. Tactful and conciliatory to the highest degree, she never lost a friend once made and died beloved by every one.

Having no boys of her own, she became the mother of a great host—many of them homeless, wandering young men, traveling up and down the face of the earth, but wherever they are today, with one accord they rise up and call her blessed. She still lives among us."

"Forever near us, though unseen,
Her dear immortal spirit treads;
For all the boundless universe,
Is life—there are no dead.

"Born into beauty,
And born into bloom,
Victor immortal
O'er death and the tomb."

In the Church Auditorium, before the Auditorium Bible Class, Mr. Clarence Petty, representing "We Boys," delivered these kindly words of commendation and respect:

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARENCE PETTY.

I might say for the benefit of those who are strangers here that in all departments of our Sunday School there is being held a memorial service for one of our teachers who was taken away about two weeks ago, Mrs. J. D. Burch, who was the teacher of the "We Boys" class, a class of young men who meet down stairs directly below us. She was for eighteen years the teacher of this class of young men; started out with six boys eighteen years ago, and it is now a class of two hundred and fifty members, and the spirit that existed between these boys

and their teacher was perhaps almost unique in Sunday School history; the sympathy with which she entered into all of their doings, everything that is so dear to them, and which we cannot speak about to the world; she almost took the place of a mother to many of us who have not known the sympathies of a mother since we were children. Every Sunday afternoon she was at home to the boys, and many a boy went out to her home on Sunday afternoon, and all the secrets that she must have had, and all the sympathy that she must have given out.

It is with considerable reluctance and an overwhelming feeling of my own unfitness that I attempt to speak here a few memorial words for our teacher. I do not know what to say or how to proceed. If I wanted to make a speech of praise, extolling the virtues and abilities of our teacher, I would not lack for a theme. If it were the custom in our country and in our day to pronounce eulogies over the remains of our departed, as it was in Rome centuries ago, I am sure that the best orators in our city would covet as a prize the honor of being invited to pronounce the funeral oration of Mrs. Burch. But if this were the memorial of some other honored member of our Sunday School, and our teacher were still here so that I could go to her, as I probably would do, and ask her advice as to what line I ought to follow in a service like this, I am sure one of the things she would say to me would be, "Clarence, whatever we might say, or whatever we can do, does not make so much difference to the dead; but if something might be said that would help the living, it seems to me it might be worth while. Just keep in mind for service, not for show." And so it seems to me this morning that if something might be said that would help the living, and would help us to know what are the verities of life, what are the things that are worth while, something that might make virtue seem a little sweeter to us, and that might make sin seem a little more hideous, something that might make our Christ seem a little more real,— it seems to me that that would be worth while. So if we shall say anything about the virtues that make her so dear to us

all, (for she was not only the teacher of our class, she was the assistant pastor of this church for years, and knew more people, and could take them by the hand and call them by their first name, and ask them about their people than anyone else in this church. She was the teacher of the Monday night meeting for probationers, which meeting has been an inspiration to many young people, has perhaps given them courage to continue their fight against sin; she was for years the First Vice-President of our Epworth League.) If we should say anything about her virtues, I hope it will be to inquire into them and find out what it was that makes her so dear to this people, for she must be dear to them; two weeks ago tomorrow afternoon this auditorium, this Sunday School room and gallery were full of people. Two hundred and fifty young men marched up from their class room down stairs to pay the last rites to all that was mortal of their teacher, and these same young men have now started a memorial fund, which is to continue the work that Mrs. Burch was doing—to help young men. There must be something in her life that the people are not willing to let die. If she had a greater hold on the hearts of the people than any other man or woman, then she must have loved more; and if she held more of the confidenee of this people than any other man or woman, it must be because she sympathized more. And if she loved more, she must have served more, for service is the ground in which love thrives; and if she sympathized more, she must have sacrificed more, for sacrifice is the food upon which sympathy thrives. If we could only learn this—that not show, not riches, but service and sacrifice are the keynotes of our Master's processional, we shall have grasped the eternal verities—the things that are eternal because they are divine, and these services should have been worth while.

It must be that service and sacrifice are the things that are real, for they were certainly the keynote of her life, and these things are so real, that it seems now that she is not gone. I have long been in the habit in my devotions at my bedside to ask God to bless Mrs. Burch, and to hear her prayer for me and for

the boys, and it seems just as natural even yet,—even last night I asked God to bless her spirit wherever she is, somewhere in His presence, and hear her prayers for me and for the boys. It must be that that is real, for it lives on and we will not let it die.

IN "THE ASSEMBLY."

The two classes constituting the Assembly, the J. O. C.'s, taught by Mrs. La Fetra, and "We Boys," now taught by Dr. E. S. Todd, met together in large attendance at the close of the lesson, as customary in the League and Assembly room. Here, where our sainted Mrs. Burch had gathered with us so many times before, to reveal God's word in such an inspirational way, and reflect his sunlight of love so gracefully. Oh, how our hearts did burn within us; so much did we miss her presence here now, though we felt her very spirit with us in God's praise. The songs we sung, were the ones particularly dear to Mrs. Burch; the ones she so often sweetly sang, including *"All for Jesus;" "Oh that will be glory;" "Never Alone;" "I'll go where you want me to go;" "My Savior first of all;" "Take my life and let it be;" "Trust and obey;" "Let the lower lights be burning;" "He leadeth me;" "Will there be any stars in my crown,"* and others. Our Department Superintendent, Brother W. F. Cronemiller, presided over The Assembly as usual, and made these introductory remarks of esteem, befitting the occasion:

Mr. Cronemiller's Talk.

"It is very fitting that we should hold a memorial service this morning in every department of our school for Mrs. Burch. I think in every department there either has been a talk by a representative of "We Boys" class or it is being given at this time.

My mind goes back to the first time that I saw the "We Boys" class and their teacher. It was in the old Fort Street Church on Broadway.

Since the inauguration of our Assembly in 1903, I have had an opportunity to observe the work of Mrs. Burch. She was always here, rain or shine, always cheerful, always hopeful, always at work. And I have thought of the number of times that she has knelt at this altar and led many a one into the Kingdom, and how many times she has stood right here where I am standing now and warned and exhorted you young men to lives of usefulness and of Christians.

Great is the responsibility that rests upon you. Mrs. Burch has gone from us, and yet her life and her influence will go with many of us as long as we live. Her teachings and her exemplifications of life should be carried on by you young men and her life work continued through you.

A number of young men have gone out from this class to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, a gospel which your teacher so lovingly and sweetly exemplified in her life.

I believe that it was to such as she that it was said, *"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.'* I believe that Mrs. Burch has received a crown of life."

Mr. Cronemiller then announced that Mr. John Poole, representing the class of Mrs. Burch, would address "The Assembly," which he did in these glowing words of tribute:

Address Before "The Assembly"

By Mr. John Poole.

"You all know the story doubtless of Croesus, King of Lydia, who was showing Solon, the great law-giver, through his vast treasury. He was at that time the richest man on earth. He turned to Solon and said "ought not I to be the happiest man on earth," and Solon replied, 'to know whether a man is happy I must know how he dies.'

"It was not many years after that that Cyrus the Great, captured Lydia and Croesus, its king and ordered him burned to death on a funeral pyre. As the flames commenced to mount

toward the heavens, Cyrus, who was near at hand, heard Croesus cry out "Oh, Solon! Solon! Cyrus, who had heard of Solon, wanted to know what the cry meant, ordered the flames extinguished and had Croesus brought before him. Croesus explained that when he had shown Solon his vast treasury he had asked him 'ought he not to be the happiest man on earth," and Solon said that 'he must know how he died first.' Cyrus was so impressed with the tale that he released Croesus.

I know how our dear teacher, Mrs. Burch died. I know that she died in the triumphant faith that kept her so sweet, so loving, so strong and such an inspiration to us all during that long, tedious, and baffling illness.

Never did any lonely, sinsick boy get close up to that warm heart that he did not get comfort. Never did any one go to her for help and comfort who went away sorrowing. To many of us we owe the inspiration that we have in our lives, and the knowledge that we have of Jesus Christ, to her patient teaching.

Mrs. Burch was a great woman. Today we should dwell on that fact that she was a great woman. Many times when I was sent to Sunday School conventions to make addresses on behalf of "We Boys," not much interest was shown in the address nor in the subject matter, but all crowded around to ask about Mrs. Burch and to find out if possible the secret of her power and success.

One secret of her power of course was her complete consecration, and her wonderful God-given endowment, that she had such influence and power with the boys. Sometimes I think that she was especially sent to teach boys, that that was her mission, that that was what God gave her to this old world for. She seemed to know just how to get around the hearts of the boys, and just at the right moment some God-given power gave her the knowledge to speak the right word. We all know that her work can never die.

Shakespeare says "the good that men do are oft interred with their bones, but the evil they do lives after them." That

is not so. The evil that men do will die, but the good that men do can never die, and the good that Mrs. Burch has done, and the influence of her life can never die.

Over 2,000 of us started over this course. As we have stated before, her monument is erected in our hearts. She cannot die in our lives. To us she is a living, vital personality.

Just a few moments ago I read a letter from Captain Oden, for many years a member of our class. He states that in 1902, nine years ago, he left the class but somehow he felt that she was with him all the time. 'I feel that her influence is with me all the time and just as much with me at the present moment as any time.' That strong, mighty spirit seems to be with us all the time.

How well we remember her as she taught the lesson to us. Her face would light up with that beautiful smile. Pearls of light would seems to fall from her eyes, and at times everything about her seemed illuminated, as her great soul went out to us in her plea to accept her Savior.

Mrs. Burch has gone from us. Her work on this earth, personal work through the limitations of her body, is done, but it is for us to build on that foundation that she has started,—a most magnificent structure, a structure that will stand for all time.

Now we want to do something practical. We have selected a board that is to consist of four We Boys, Superintendent, Assembly Superintendent, and the pastor of the church.

We want you to do something to help along this work for it is to be a perpetual fund known as the "Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Educational Fund." The money is to be used to give worthy young men a Christian education; to be repaid as soon as possible. It is a continuous fund to which all may contribute.

Help us for Mrs. Burch's sake; help us to perpetuate her work. Nothing is too good for her."

Joseph Marple then sang, *"Grace Enough for Me,"* in a touching manner.

Mrs. B. M. Boydston, in behalf of the J. O. C. Class followed with these words of praise:

"How our hearts go out today in loving memory of our dear Mrs. Burch, who was so dear to every one, not only to 'We Boys' but to we girls, for we loved her dearly and she loved us.

We know that she has passed on before, but the memory of her Christ-like spirit can never die. Can we not take the memory of her and hand it down from generation to generation and make of it a perpetual memorial?

"She wants us each one to live such lives that when our summons comes, we shall answer Him gladly and He will say to us, as we know He said to her, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant.' And can we not go on and live, so that when our time comes, and when the roll is called up yonder we will be there? She loved us and she wants us to live for God. She wants us always to be ready to say something for Him. Not only just live right but to do for others in some way, something for Him.

"It seems to me that in her passing on beyond we have not lost her—she has gone on to a greater life, and if we do our part we can meet her in another, better world. We know she wants us to trust Him all the time, and it seems to me that one of the dearest things that I heard her say was one of her last messages: 'Do not depend upon one to do it all, but every one do a little and in that way keep the work going on.'

"Can we not now, in this room so hallowed by her memory, consecrate our lives to the faith she loved so well, and in that way make a living memorial that others may see?"

In conclusion a duet, "Shall You, Shall I," was sung impressively by Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Fallis.

This was a particularly favorite song of Mrs. Burch as she sang it sweetly on frequent occasions with some one ,as an invitation at the close of the League services, and we are sure it was effectual in helping weary souls to decide to live for God. She always sang it so appealingly.

"Some one will enter the pearly gate,
Bye and bye,
Taste of the glories that there await,
Shall you? Shall I?
Someone will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,
Feast on the pleasures so long foretold,
Shall you? Shall I?

Someone at last will his cross law down,
Bye and bye,
Faithful approved shall receive a crown,
Shall you? Shall I?
Someone the glorious King will see,
Ever from Sorrow of Earth be free,
Happy with Him through Eternity.
Shall you? Shall I?
Someone will sing the triumphant song,
Bye and bye,
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,
Shall you? Shall I?

Someone will greet on the golden shore,
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for ever-more.
Shall you? Shall I?

TO THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

The little folks of the Primary Department listened attentively to Mr. Oscar Schurmer, who said to them:

Just before Christmas a number of years ago there was a little girl who wanted something so badly, and so she called up the chimney to Santa Claus to bring her a Bible, and she said: "Santa Claus, I do want you to bring me a Bible for Christmas." When Christmas came around Santa Claus did not forget her, and here is that little red Bible, a little red Bible that she wanted so much.

When she grew a little older, at a camp meeting,—do you know what a camp meeting is? Yes. What is it? 'It is a great big camp; all the people go, and a man preaches, (answered a small boy.) Yes, they just take one or two weeks

and camp together and learn about God and Jesus. This little girl went to camp meeting with her mama and her papa, and her sister, and the minister asked if there was anyone there who wanted to find Jesus, and this little girl stepped up and said she did, so she came to the altar and found Jesus.

Then she went to the high school, and at that time she gave her heart and life to God to be used of Him. Later on she came into our church, and she had a class of young men, of which I was a member, and have been for seven years, called the "We Boys" class. And you know that she has gone to heaven just a very little while ago, and she will be with us here no more; but she was loved by everybody.

Now, just let's look into her life and see why she was loved by everybody. First—she was very much like Jesus because she learned of Him. She studied the Bible and tried to find out what He wanted her to do, and tried to live just as near like that as she could. She denied herself many things for the sake of others. She was nice to people. She would make little presents to people, and do all the kind deeds that she possibly could whenever she could. She was earnest; when she shook hands with anyone she meant it. She wanted to know about them, and if there was any way she could lead them to Jesus, she would remember them and write them letters, and find out where they lived and follow them up, and they all loved her, not only in the Sunday School, but all through the church. How many here knew Mrs. Burch? (Hands.) Well, there is just lots of them. Then she never talked about folks; never said anything about them that was bad. If there was anything nice she knew about them, she would mention that, but she would not gossip about people. She always tried to help people in every way she could. She loved little children and never would forget to ask their papas and mamas about them. My little girl remembers her when she was a very little girl.

Now with such a life before us as we have had the privilege of having, it seems to me that we ought to take a

great many lessons from her life, because it seems to me that if Jesus walked among us He would do just what she has done, because she learned them from Him. As I said, she studied the Word and tried to find out just what He would have her to do, and tried to live up to that life.

And just the other day here at her funeral I never saw so many people so sorry to have anyone go away from them, a lot of people were there that were sorry that Mrs. Burch was leaving them. They all felt that they had lost one of their dearest friends. She has gone away where we all must go, and she has gone with Jesus. He is going to take care of her throughout all eternity, and she is there looking down upon us now, and she is anxious to see every one of us there. It is the greatest place any person can ever go to—that is to heaven. We are looking out for that place, but we must try to do all we can here to show people that Jesus Christ can come into the heart and life and make us kind and noble. Now let us endeavor to follow out these things in our lives as you little folks grow up—these things that Mrs. Burch did. She loved the Bible one of the first things. That is the way she knew about Jesus—by looking into the Word. We will not get tired of it if we give our hearts to Him, because He gives us a love for this Bible, and let us find out what He wants us to do.

I am glad to have this privilege of talking to you about this noble woman, and I hope that many here will grow up to be just the kind of a woman she was.

AN ADDRESS TO THE JUNIORS.

These words of tribute by Don Fallis, were spoken to the Juniors:

"I consider it a special privilege this morning to speak to you of the life of one of God's own messengers, our now sainted teacher, of the great class I have the honor to represent, and which she, with her great heart of love, Christ-like sympathy and self-sacrificing devotion, has built up, and is now a monument to her sacred memory. On May twenty-fourth,

ninety-six I first visited her class of "We Boys," and was so impressed with her sincere welcome and wonderful teaching that I united with the class, and have been a member a little over fifteen years.

"How many here knew Mrs. Burch? (Majority rising.) I am glad so many knew her. She will ever live in our hearts and memories. And her works for the Master will continue onward through those who have come in touch with the divine spirit in this noble life. She often told us not to wait until our friends had gone from us and then heap their caskets with flowers, but to scatter the roses while they lived. So about seventy of our class marched down to her home the last Sunday she was with us on earth, and every fellow gave her a bouquet to brighten her remaining days. Our dear friend and teacher was never known to speak a word with a sting in it, but her expressions were always loving, helpful, kind and sympathetic.

"Boys and girls, let us pattern our lives after such a character; speaking kind words and doing good deeds; then some beautiful Sabbath morning, when the 'Pearly Gates' unfold we will meet again in the 'Father's house' and praise Him for this beautiful life, which I believe will be one of the blessings to hallow our days. I would like every one in the room to sing with me:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For our Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there."

"To our bountiful Father above,
We would offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."

Please repeat the chorus softly—
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

"It seems we can almost hear her voice singing in the Heavenly chorus. I want to praise God for her influence on my life. Now let's all be faithful and meet her there."

In Memoriam

RESOLUTIONS AND EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE, HONOR AND SYMPATHY FROM SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.

"Who shall forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

THAT life is long which answers life's great end." That end, as planned by our Lord, is unquestionably to do good to others, and measured by this standard, Mrs. Burch's life was far beyond the average years allotted to man.

Her life, like a clear, deep stream, was characterized by a serene peace, not easily roiled by fluctuating circumstances, and like the stream, not hesitating to part with her very self in efforts to enhance the well being of those within her influence, and like the stream again, yielding her best, purest affection to the Sun of Righteousness whose tender love so early won her loyalty and devotion.

We remember when she first came among us, a winsome bride, and her first testimony in the prayer meeting, acknowledging Jesus as her Savior and voicing her desire to be of service in His vineyard.

We, who during the score and more of years have been associated with her, and rejoiced in the strengthening and broadening of her lovely, Christian character and her captivating influence in winning many from the ways of sin have marvelled, though we knew her secret, that she walked with Jesus and learned of Him.

Our hearts go out to you for the great sorrow that has come into your life. It is hard not to ask why this must be.

God knows why and that may be as good to us as though we knew a thousand reasons. Your sorrow is ours.

In the death of Mrs. J. D. Burch we have lost a faithful friend and co-worker. Her confiding faith in the Heavenly Father, her ability to see the best, and create well doing in other lives, her gentle, sunny disposition, her delicate sympathy and untiring devotion to the cause of the Master, were ever an inspiration and source of encouragement to all her associates in the service of the King.

While we shall see her face no more, we think of her as just in another room of our Father's house. Her personality and influence will be as seed thoughts yielding an abundant harvest as the days go by. May the One Who promises, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," keep that promise to your faith and fortitude, and make your life, whatever its inward pain, an outward blessing.

We, the teachers, officers and members of the First Methodist Sunday School, unite in expressing our great sorrow at the death of Mrs. Eva E. Burch, teacher for 18 years of the "We Boys" class of our Sunday school. From a small beginning she built up this class of young men until it numbered hundreds, and included other hundreds as attendants from time to time. The field was a remarkable one and her success in it phenomenal.

Her hold over the minds and hearts of her students was strong and vastly helpful. Thousands found comfort and uplift in her counsel and sympathy. Those whom she led to a better and more religious life number many hundreds; they are the stars in her crown of life. We now mourn her removal from us and feel our great loss, but the years as they come will increase the recognition of her greatness as a woman, leader and teacher.

May the life of Mrs. Burch ever be an inspiration to our teachers and students; we believe it will and that her influence

in our Sunday school will never end, but always spur us on to more devoted and consecrated service.

Prof. C. E. Locke.
Mrs. F. E. Hanna.
Mrs. N. Flotilla Pond.
Committee.

"WE BOYS SOCIETY" RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

AT the regular meeting of the society on July 18th, 1911, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, She has been to us not only the faithful and efficient teacher of our Sunday school class, but has been to each one personally a wise counsellor, a sympathetic, confident and trusted friend, and

Whereas, Our hearts are heavy with the sense of our irreparable loss, yet confident in the hope that the spirit of our teacher will abide with the boys, cheering us on to nobler endeavor and greater achievement, while she rests in the bosom of the Father, even as we know her spirit ever communed with the Father while she was here working for the boys. Now

Therefore, Bowing reverently to the will of our Father whose ways we cannot understand, yet fully trusting that His Divine Providence is working out the happiness of his children, be it

Resolved, That we give this which is at once the feeble expression of our overwhelming sense of sorrow, and of our abiding faith, and be it further

Resolved, That we extend to the family our condolences, which is not the condolence of pity for a friend in sorrow, but genuine sympathy for those whose hearts are torn even as their hearts are torn, and whose lives have been saddened and impoverished, even as their lives have been made poorer and sadder, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of "We Boys Society" and a copy be furnished our respected friends, Mr. J. D. Burch, Mr. and Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Minnie Todd-Willis, and further, that we commend them to the Comforter who was her Comforter and to "Our God," who gave and for a little while has taken away.

Signed,

MADISON MARINE,
President.

H. EARL GLEASON,
Secretary.

FRANK BUREN,
CLARENCE M. PETTY,
H. A. ECCLESTONE,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE EPWORTH LEAGUE OF THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

"Ours was the greater pain
When the spirit hand closed her eyes;
She knew she but left us to live again
In the Kingdom beyond the skies.
When death's call severed the golden chain
And stilled the throbs of the busy brain,
Her ears would thrill with the sweet refrain,
Well done! To your Lord arise!

WHEREAS, it seemed best to the merciful heart of our Father in Heaven, to take from our mortal sight for a time, our beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. J. D. Burch, and,

WHEREAS, For the period of twelve years she so lovingly and faithfully gave of her time and experience and service to the Epworth League of the First M. E. Church, first as president and then as first vice president, to the encouragement

of our hearts who were Christians, and to the salvation of the souls of hundreds of others at our altar; and,

WHEREAS, We know, that because of a life on earth that was beyond fault and was full of virtue, good works, kindness and charity toward all, she is now in the presence of the Master whom she so faithfully served; be it, therefore,

Resolved, First, that we as an Epworth League, consecrate our hearts and lives anew to the service of the Master whom we all love, and strive more earnestly and pray more fervently that we may follow in the footsteps of our beloved sister, and carry on the work she has but just laid down; and be it further

Resolved, That we offer to the dear members of her bereaved family, Mr. J. D. Burch, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Todd and Mrs. Minnie T. Willis, such sympathy as comes from the hearts of those who have suffered in like manner, and whose hearts are grieved, and that we commend them to the care of One who is all loving and full of compassion and of tender mercy.

It is hereby ordered that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Epworth League, and a written copy of the same be presented to the bereaved family.

Signed,

DON FALLIS.
KATHERINE L. MCGETRICK.
IDA I. LAWRENCE.
CHARLES L. CHILDERS.

RESOLUTIONS FROM MONDAY NIGHT BIBLE CLASS.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite love and wisdom has seen fit to call home our dearly beloved leader, teacher and friend, Mrs. J. D. Burch, who by her beautiful Christ-like life, loving sympathy, counsel and self-sacrificing devotion has endeared herself to the hearts of all; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Monday Night Bible Study and Mutual Help Class, do hereby reconsecrate our lives to the service of our Lord and Master, and that we by the grace of God do endeavor to perpetuate the work which has been so wonderfully blessed under her leadership; further be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our love and sympathy to our dear Brother Burch and to the sorrowing family. Be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved and also a copy be spread upon the class records.

DEMIS F. SMITH.
WILLIAM KOPP.
DON FALLIS.
E. H. WALKER.
Committee.

COMMENDATION FROM MEN'S PRAYING BAND. IN MEMORIAM.

THE Men's Praying Band of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Los Angeles, California, desires to glorify God and magnify the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ in expressing suitable appreciation of the late Mrs. J. D. Burch, the pastor's assistant of this church, who has recently passed to her reward. We mark:

(1) Her FIDELITY to her Lord and Savior in whom alone she trusted for salvation.

(2) Her DEVOTION to her calling: pursuing with diligence the duties pertaining to her official station, not merely as a routine but with hearty sympathy and affection.

(3) Her FORTITUDE manifested in maintaining her course of service in the midst of much physical suffering.

(4) Her CHEERFULNESS, manifesting the Savior's direction, "Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world."

(5) Her DILIGENCE as specially exhibited in the formation and care of the class known as "We Boys."

(6) Her CONSTANCY through years of arduous toil, always ready to lift up the hands of her husband, parents, pastor and friends and to encourage their hearts.

(7) Her USEFULNESS in a high degree as a public person.

We desire to extend to the bereaved husband, parents and friends our sympathy in this affliction, which removes from our midst so valuable a companion, daughter, teacher, counselor and friend.

"Almighty grace, to which alone be ascribed all the glory, got to itself indeed a victory in this amiable woman."

"Say, can we view and wish to stop her flight,
Even for a moment to the world recall!
O that her glory on our souls may light,
On us some portion of her spirit fall.

No, surely, here we'll bid our tears farewell,
And triumph with the saints to glory gone;
With her the praise of our Redeemer tell —
Above, below, the triumph is but one.

Ah no; 'tis not the dead demands our tears,
But for ourselves, alas, our sorrows flow;
We joy in her escape from grief and fears
To where the tree of life and pleasures grow.

But by a double tie she claimed our love
And lo, at once, we mourn a friend and guide!
Oft has she led our souls to things above
And sweetly pointed to the Crucified."

Signed, T. H. OXNAM,
Leader.
D. M. METTLER,
A. E. WITHEY,
E. H. WALKER,
Committee.

FROM WOMANS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Mr. J. D. Burch and Family:

The Women of the Home Missionary Society wish to extend heartfelt sympathy to you all. We feel that with the passing of Mrs. Burch, something we cannot describe has gone out of our lives. We, too, have lost a loving friend and a wise counselor. These things we can never understand. Somehow we know she has accomplished her work a little sooner than some of the rest of us. Her memory will always live in our hearts and we feel sure the world is better for her having lived.

May God keep you all and give you strength to go forward to the end where we know we shall all meet again.

Sincerely,

KATHERINE P. MCQUADE,

Sec. Women's Home Missionary Society Aux.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 17th, 1911.

FROM WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY FIRST M. E. CHURCH AUXILIARY.

To the Family Circle of Our Dear Mrs. Burch:

No language at our command can adequately convey to you the deep feeling of sadness that fills the hearts of the members of First M. E. Church Auxiliary, of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, as we realize that our dear Mrs. Burch is with us no more. We attended her funeral and as a token of love each one of us laid a white carnation on her casket as we passed by to take a last look. She has been an honored member of our Auxiliary for many years, and we found her ever willing to do her part to make the meetings a success. Her consistent, clean-cut, beautiful life needs no words of praise. She filled the place of assistant pastor so well, and as teacher and founder of the "We Boys" class she had no equal.

She has done what she could by a godly, upright example, and though dead she yet speaketh,

O brave, strong heart, O heart of love,
O friend so staunch and true,
The gates of heaven have swung aside
And opened wide for you.

SARAH J. OLIVER.
CARRIE E. METZGAR.
Committee.

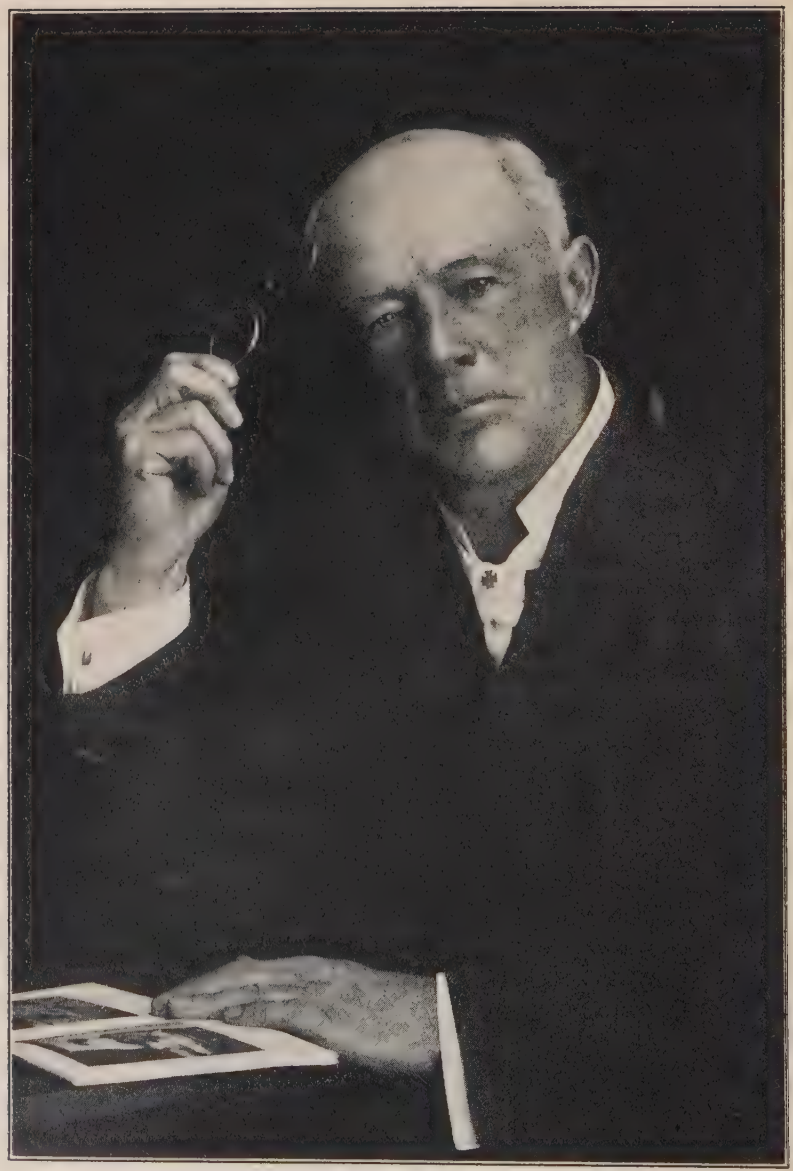
A KIND LETTER.

Rev. Chas. E. Locke:

Dear Sir: In behalf of the Young Men's Brotherhood of the First Congregational Church, and at their request, we desire to express our own sense of loss at the going of Mrs. Burch, whose interest in the upbuilding of young men has been a constant inspiration even to us who but slightly knew her, and we trust that our appreciation of her work may be a comfort to those who most keenly feel her loss.

YOUNG MEN'S CONGREGATIONAL BROTHERHOOD,
CHAS. E. RICHARDS,
Leader.
D. L. SWINNERTON,
Secretary.
WM. B. HIMROD,
President.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 13th, 1911.



DR. ELBERT S. TODD
Present Teacher of "We Boys" Class.

DR. ELBERT S. TODD

PRESENT TEACHER OF "WE BOYS."

E present on the opposite page a splendid likeness of our newly-chosen teacher of "We Boys." Dr. Elbert S. Todd, the uncle and successor of Mrs. J. D. Burch, as teacher of the "We Boys" class, was the seventh son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Todd, who were sturdy Methodists of an early day, and pioneers in the new state of Michigan. He was born on a farm near Adrian, and early showed fondness for school and books.

By the time he had finished the district school, his father had decided that he could never make a farmer of this boy, so moved in to the growing city of Adrian, in order to give his promising son better educational advantages. There he graduated with honor from the Adrian College——Rev. Asa Mahan, president.

During his college days, when about sixteen years of age, he gave his heart to God, and united with the Methodist church, and was soon made leader of "The Young People's Meeting"—before the day of Epworth Leagues.

He was a successful leader, and held the position until, having decided to prepare himself for the ministry, he went to the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill. After his graduation, he went to the Union Theological Seminary of New York City and finished his studies there. While in New York he became interested in China, as a mission field, and decided to take his young bride and go as a missionary to that far away land. September 21, 1867, he left his home and native land, and on arriving in China was stationed at Kiu Kiang, where he remained until, owing to the condition of his wife's health, the doctors ordered him to take her and the young son—born in China—back to the home land.

They remained in California, and he joined the California Conference, being sent first to the Bush St. (now California St.) church, San Francisco, then to First Church, San Jose, next to Napa, then back to Grace M. E., San Francisco, and to First Church, Oakland. From there he transferred to Sixty-first St. Church, New York City, and then to Grace M. E. Church, Baltimore, for five years; Hamline Church, Washington, D. C., five years; Strawbridge Church, Baltimore, five years, and Frederick City, Maryland.

He has written some books, and has taken two European trips, and now has retired from the active ministry, and is living at Hollywood, though still a member of the Baltimore Conference.

At their pleasant little bungalow home in Hollywood, they now have a religious service every Sabbath evening, for the neighborhood. Some who are not in the habit of attending church, and those of different denominations all meet together and enjoy a little informal evening of worship. So he is still doing the Master's work.

Chan Kiu Sing, the pastor of our Chinese M. E. Mission, still tells of the first Christian sermon he ever heard, which was preached by Dr. Todd, in the San Jose M. E. church.

The first time Dr. Todd taught the "We Boys" class he was visiting us while pastor at Frederick City, Md. Owing to the sudden death of a relative, Mrs. Burch was unable to attend the Sunday School that day, so asked her uncle, Dr. Todd, to teach the class for her. When he came before the class and looked around at the large company of young men he said in surprise, *"Well, I was asked to teach a Sunday School class, but didn't expect to find a whole congregation."*

On March 5th, 1911, Mrs. Burch taught her class for the last time. The following week she was not able to speak above a whisper, so had some one phone to Dr. Todd and ask him to take it for one Sunday. She said, "Tell him I am not sick, and I will be at Sunday School, but I can't teach the lesson for I couldn't make the "Boys" hear, but probably I'll be all right

by next Sunday." He kindly taught the class, and she was present—for the last time.

Week by week he faithfully and acceptably filled the vacant place, still hoping that by another week she would be able to take up her work again, but it was not to be; she was never again able to attend, and so she went to Heaven and let her mantle fall on him. While the class greatly miss their former teacher, yet they are very grateful for her worthy successor, who is spiritual, practical and helpful as a teacher, and who is already making a warm place in the hearts of the young men. We earnestly pledge for them all our hearty support, co-operation and prayer, and trust that God will bless and long spare him for this noble work.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Educational Fund.

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"We Boys" Memorials

SOON after Mrs. Burch's departure to the Heavenland the President of her class appointed a general committee on memorials, consisting of Messrs. John Poole, George C. Lawrence, F. Arthur Cardwell, Jesse R. Keel, Irvin H. Fallis and Madison Marine. These met together in conference with Dr. H. W. Brodbeck and members of her household to consider suitable forms of memorials to perpetuate her memory and life work. After careful consideration the following four forms of memorial, were decided upon, and recommended to the class organization: First, a beautiful and imposing monument to be erected over her grave; second, a bronze tablet with appropriate inscriptions to be set in the wall of our class room; third, a memorial biography of Mrs. Burch to be published; and fourth, a memorial educational fund to be provided to help worthy young men secure Christian education and training. These several methods of memorial, were adopted by "We Boys" and the following committees chosen for the work: Messrs. Jesse R. Keel and William Hunter, *"Committee on Monument";* Messrs. Arthur Cardwell, Irvin Fallis and John Poole, *"Committee on Bronze Tablet";* Messrs. Irvin H. Fallis, George C. Lawrence, Perrin B. Heaverin and H. Wayne Yarick, committee on *"Memorial Biography."* In establishing the *"Memorial Educational Fund,"* an attorney member of the class secured for "We Boys" a certificate of incorporation from the Secretary of State of California, thus making a corporation of the Educational Fund Committee, under the title of *"The Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Educational Fund,"* whose object it will be to perpetuate the chosen life work of Mrs. Burch, in giving Christian training and education to young men. In

accordance with the articles of incorporation this fund will be managed by a Board of Seven Directors consisting of four members of "We Boys" Society, the Pastor of the Church, the Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and the Superintendent of the Assembly. The present constituency as chosen are Messrs. Don Fallis, *President* of the Board; Frank Buren. *Secretary;* Madison Marine, *Treasurer;* and John Poole, all of "We Boys;" Charles Edward Locke, D. D., (Pastor of the Church); H. W. Brodbeck, (Sunday School Superintendent); Wm. F. Cronemiller, (Assembly Superintendent). The above committees have all proceeded in a business like manner and have made substantial progress. The *"Committee on Monument"* has raised the necessary cash and pledges; has selected the design, and expects to unveil the handsome monument on Decoration day, 1912. The *"Committee on Bronze Tablet"* for the class room, anticipate the unveiling of this imposing memorial on *"Class Anniversary Day"* or *"Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Day"* in July. The *"Committee on Memorial Biography"* shall issue one thousand of these books. The Board of Managers of *"The Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Educational Fund"* are receiving money and subscriptions for this splendid Christian work and earnestly solicit *your* financial donations and co-operation. They have sent out hundreds of letters, to many who have known of Mrs. Burch's noble work for boys and young men. If you failed to receive one my dear reader, the following copy of the letter is for *you*: Dear Friend:

"You perhaps have heard of the great loss the members of 'We Boys' Society of the First M. E. Church and their Sunday School class have sustained in the death, on July 7th, of their dearly beloved friend and teacher, Mrs. J. D. Burch.

"We believe no class of young men ever had a more consecrated, self-sacrificing, earnest, helpful, loving and sympathetic teacher, as all know who have come in touch with this devotedly beautiful life.

The members of her Sunday School class are not only

trying to exemplify her teachings by their lives, but have also established the "Mrs. J. D. Burch Memorial Educational Fund." The money in this fund is to be loaned to worthy young men to assist them in securing a Christian education and thus become a living monument to her memory. The money is to be returned as soon as their circumstances will permit and then reloaned, making a perpetual fund to continually carry on the work among young men, that was so dear to her heart.

"A board has been selected, to be composed of the Pastor, Sunday School superintendent, assembly superintendent, and four members of the class, who will have charge of the fund and the selecting of the young men who will receive its benefits.

"We hope to receive several thousand dollars from members and former members of her class as the foundation for the fund, and have already received generous subscriptions from those to whom the matter has been presented. But in order to make this movement felt throughout the world we are soliciting subscriptions from the general public as well as members of the church. The board has been incorporated and will receive bequests and endowments.

"In the name of Mrs. Burch and the cause that she represented we appeal to you to assist us in carrying on her great work in this manner. To this end we earnestly ask that you make us a cash subscription, or apply to the committee for a blank pledge to be filled out for whatever amount you feel you can give, payable within two years, and mail to Madison Marine, treasurer of our committee, 512 International Bank Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

(Signed) "Don Fallis, *President of Fund.*
"Frank Burch, *Secretary.*"

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